CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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An inside report

# Maclean's

JANUARY 28, 1980

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ELECTION 1980

# WHERE HAVE ALL THE LEADERS GONE?



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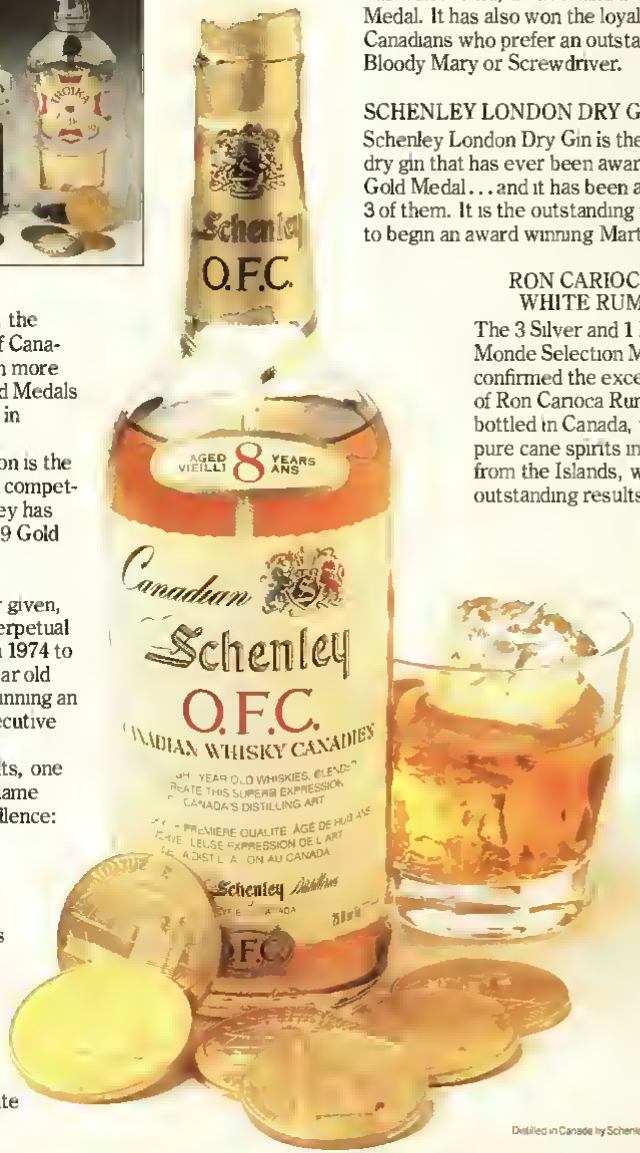
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JANUARY 28, 1980 VOL 93 NO 4



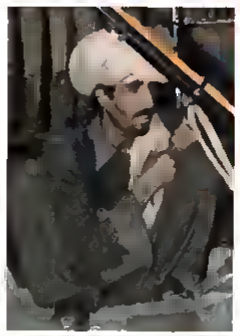

**An acquired taste**

The outside world is held at arm's length on the island of Grand Manan, New Brunswick. Somehow it remains a bulwark of rugged unspoiled beauty and peace **Page 6**

**Sensual repression**

Roger Vadim first gained a reputation as the Don Juan of directors when he discovered Brigitte Bardot. His latest find is Cindy Pickett, who he says is sensually repressed **Page 33**








**COVER STORY**

**Where have they gone?**

The unholy grail that wants grasping in the Feb. 18 election is being pursued by shepherds following their flocks. At a time when the country is in need of a strong leader who is capable of interpreting the collective judgment of its citizens, Canada may be entering an age of negative leadership—one in which ballots are cast against certain shepherds rather than for them **Page 16**



**An ugly mood**

While the West was playing games over the Olympics last week, the atmosphere in Afghanistan was growing uglier. *Maclean's* Peter Niesewand reports from Kabul **Page 26**

**Uses of enchantment**

The publishers' smiles are not exactly elfin. With new twists to old tales, their adult fantasy books have moved from being a mere genre to a full-fledged industry **Page 45**

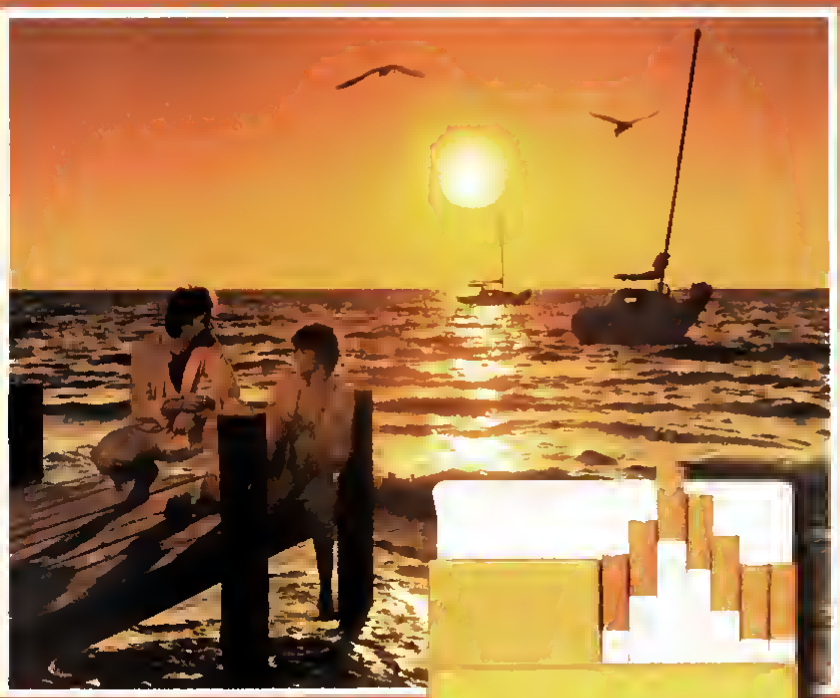
**CONTENTS**


**Editorial** ..... 3
**Backstage, Great Britain** ..... 4
**Podium** ..... 5
Doris Anderson on women's rights
**This Canada** ..... 6
**Follow-up** ..... 8
**Dateline, India** ..... 12
The worst drought in 60 years
**Letters** ..... 14
**Canada** ..... 16
Where have the leaders gone? the Halifax street-fighters, ice smog, the Zoom bang, a crane operator unretires, the guitar blues
**World** ..... 26
Tito's illness fans Western fears of a crisis, Japan's plans for an economic community
**U.S.A.** ..... 31
Bert Lance's old accounts
**People** ..... 32
**Sports** ..... 34
The Maple Leafs scatter in turmoil. Ken Read on top of the world
**Business** ..... 37
Argus into oil and gas, Bay Simpson appliance blitz, stock markets go bananas
**Travel** ..... 39
**Justice** ..... 40
Fiction contronts the laws of libel
**Lifestylee** ..... 42
The loft dwellers
**Books** ..... 45
Fantasy books, enchantment for adults
**Televieion** ..... 46
Children battle leukemia in *Fighting Back*
**Filme** ..... 50
*Heart Beat*, Nick Nolte resurrects the beets
**Allen Fotheringham/Column** ..... 52



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# As someone said to Schubert, 'Take me to your lieder'



By Peter C. Newman

As they march their parties backward through a campaign no one wanted, it's increasingly obvious that Joe Clark and Pierre Trudeau are the only issues that count. "Canada," reports *Maclean's* Senior Writer Roy MacGregor, "may well have entered the age of negative leadership. A vast number of people no longer vote for whom they like but against the one they hate."

This raises the question of precisely what kind of leaders we must have to help us survive this perilous time. The basic function of democratic leadership is an ability to respect the past, convince the present and enlarge the future. Heritage fights impulse in any partisan setting. But it takes a rare political champion to balance the tug of the past with the pull of the future. (It's as subtle a process as the difference between dreaming and remembering.)

My ideal prime minister would be a man or woman attuned to change, economic and social, with that special brand of courage Ernest Hemingway tagged as "grace under pressure." He would be aggressive without turning contentious, decisive without being arrogant, compassionate without appearing confused. He would respect ideas, but not substitute them for action. A master of prose, he would never become intoxicated by his own. He would be pragmatic but only up to the point of knowing when to spurn the arithmetics of expediency.

Such a leader would be articulate and forceful enough to set out clear goals for this country and its two great societies not on the basis of public opinion polls or the in-group logic of his entourage but out of his own strong personal sense of priorities. Instead of participating quietly in the lottery of history, he would be capable of gripping events on the move, exercising the kind of impact that would reveal the character of the nation to itself. He would view legislation less as a posture than a process, using his mandate as a revolutionary instrument. Surrounding himself with much craggier characters than currently inhabit Liberal and Conservative hierarchies, he would recruit the odd adviser with callused hands and political instincts to match.

Few of these qualities find a roosting place in the leaders out there bidding for our votes. Joe Clark and Pierre Trudeau take turns risking their credibility and our cynicism. They have come to expect the worst of each other and they're seldom disappointed. As they cakewalk across the hustings, they are reminiscent of nothing so much as a couple of misguided hoofers on the vaudeville circuit who take bow after simpering bow long after the audience has stopped applauding.

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# The upper classes have the upper hand

By Carol Kennedy

Hereditary aristocrats may have gone into business as photographers (the Earl of Lichfield), PR consultants (the Marquis of Hertford) or restaurateurs (Viscount Newport), regional accents may intrude on the once-precise vowels of BBC announcers, and domestic cleaners, now rarer than hens' teeth in London, may earn more per hour than some junior civil servants. But the fascinating and deadly game of class, unique to Britain in its multiple nuances and a source of endless bafflement to foreigners, continues to be played here with a dedication that would be the envy of a Russian chess grand master.

Of course the British nowadays like to think they can laugh at class-consciousness, thus showing what jolly good sports they are at joking about themselves (and, incidentally, getting the message across to the rest of the world that class really doesn't count anymore). Hence the wildfire success of a book like *Class* by humorist Jilly Cooper, the wife of a London publisher. It pokes fun at the social, educational, domestic and sexual habits of a hierarchy of wittily observed English types from puritanical manual worker through ultra-conventional "lower middles" and socially ambitious "middle middles" to insouciant "aristos" who accord their kennels more attention than their kids.



THE ECONOMIST

'Aristos' (left) and working-class boys: all jolly good sports

Cooper's book was a Christmas best seller, making its gift-wrapped appearance from suburban terrace to stately home, but its often wickedly accurate barbs convey only one side of the picture. The reverse, as seen by some sociologists, is depressing and even disturbing for the future of British society. The gloomy view emerges strongly from two recently published studies, by sociologists at Oxford University, that 700-year-old archetype of elite education which has regularly supplied the majority of British cabinets (the current one is unusual in having 10 Cambridge graduates to only eight from Oxford that includes Arts Minister Norman St. John-Stevas who, with supreme one-upmanship, attended both).

Based on evidence collected from 10,000 men aged between 20 and 64, the two studies conclude that the idea of Britain's having achieved a meritocratic society since the Second World War is just an illusion. John Goldthorpe, author of *Social Mobility and Class Structure in Modern Britain*, finds there has indeed been a move out of the working class into a "service class" of professional, managerial and administrative jobs, but that the service class has now closed ranks and is recruiting from within itself.

The chances of rising in society have improved since 1945, he says, but are due to economic expansion rather than to deliberate social reform, and the working-class boys' prospects relative to the sons of more privileged classes have not changed. Far from bringing about egalitarian reform, says Goldthorpe—himself the socially mobile son of a mine worker—post-war economic growth has merely obscured its failure. He traces the increasingly aggressive attitudes of trade unions to this dawning realization.

Reviewing the book for *The Sunday Times*, former labor minister Roy Hattersley asks why the working class has so tamely accepted its status as "hereditary proletariat" and suspects, with Goldthorpe, that the success of a few working-class high-flyers—shades of John Braine's epochal hero Joe Lampton in the novel *Room at the Top*—has blunted the blade of resentment at the system.

The second book to blossom from the Nuffield College survey, Professor A. H. Halsey's *Origins and Destinations*, finds that the educational handicap of a working-class boy scarcely improved at all between the 1920s and the 1960s to obtain a place at one of the venerated grammar schools he had to score six to seven points better on an IQ test than a boy from the "service" class. Had the education system been put right, Halsey argues, the number of working-class boys reaching university in the early 1970s could have been doubled without any loss of standards.

The two reports have sparked off a no-holds-barred debate between those who inveigh against the inequities of class and those who discount its importance. Richard Hoggart, author of a trail-blazing 1950s book called *The Uses of Literacy*, waxes indignant over the waste of talent: "Access to good education should be as much a universal social right as access to pure water." Angered at passive acceptance of the status quo by those at the bottom of the heap, he denounces the admen and the media as "opiate manufacturers for the consumer society."

But as a writer in the London *Evening Standard* points out, social mobility has been effective enough for Britain's past four prime ministers to have come from the lower middle classes, and all but one of them (James Callaghan) went to Oxford; the reason class barriers often seem so rigidly guarded, he suggests, is not that they are inviolable but in fact so easily breached. Jilly Cooper's social aspirants would doubtless agree as they ruthlessly pigeonhole others by the way they hold their knife and fork, whether they call their midday meal "lunch" or "dinner" and how they pronounce words like "comparable"; whether they give the "in" Christmas present—this year's was a garlic crusher, according to Cooper—or remove the jackets from their books to make them look more thoroughly read. Then again, it might all be a shade labrynthine even for a chess master—Russian *or* English.

**Carol Kennedy is a *Maclean's* correspondent in London.**



# The 51-per-cent minority

By Doris Anderson

In the upcoming election we are bound to be hammered until we are numb with talk of energy and oil, mortgage deductibility and balanced budgets. But there are some other, far more startling issues that no one will talk about at all.

No one is going to say to all new Canadians "Look, we're going through some tough times. Three out of four of you had better face the fact that you're always going to be poor. At 65 more than likely you'll have to live on less than $5,000 a year."

And no one is going to tell Quebeckers, "You will have to get along on less money than the rest of the country. For every $1 the rest of us earn, you, because you live in Quebec, will earn 61 cents."

I doubt very much that any political party is going to level with the Atlantic provinces and say: "We don't consider people living there serious prime workers. Forget about any special measures to make jobs for you. In fact, in the upcoming federal-provincial talks we're not even going to discuss your particular employment problems."

And no politician is going to tell all the left-handed people in the country: "Look, we know it looks like discrimination, but we have to save some money somewhere. So, although you will go on paying unemployment insurance at the same rates as everyone else, if you get laid off your job, you'll only collect 50 per cent of your salary, whereas everyone else will collect 66 per cent."



ROBERT COOPER

***'. . . to listen to the political parties, the woman voter just doesn't exist'***

And no one is going to say to Canadian doctors: "We know you perform one of the most important jobs any citizen can perform, but from now on you're going to have to get along without any support systems. All hospital equipment and help will be drastically reduced. We believe a good doctor should instinctively know what to do—or you're in the wrong job. If you're really dedicated you'll get along."

As for blacks: "Because of the color of your skin, you're going to be paid less than the white person next to you who is doing exactly the same job. It's tough but that's the way it is."

As for Catholics: "You're just going to have to understand that you will be beaten up by other traditions quite regularly. Even if your assailant threatens to kill you, you can't do anything about it. After all, we all need some escape valves, don't we?"

Does all of the above sound like some nihilistic nightmare where Orwellian forces have taken over? Well, it's not. It's all happening right now, in Canada.

It's not happening to new Canadians, Quebeckers, residents of the Atlantic provinces, left-handed people, doctors, blacks or Indians. If it were, there would be riots in the streets. Civil libertarians would be howling for justice. But all of these discriminatory practices are being inflicted on women today in Canada as a matter of course.

Most woman work at two jobs—one inside the home and one outside. Yet three out of four women who become widowed or divorced or have never married, live out their old age on less than $5,000 a year. And the situation is going to get worse.

Women workers earn, on an average, only 61 cents for every $1 a man gets—even though on an average, women are better educated than men. Yet they were told last fall that the problems they faced weren't important enough to rate even one item for federal-provincial talks.

And when governments start talking about basing unemployment insurance on family income or introducing the two-tier system of family income, they mean women will pay the same rates as other Canadians but if they lose their jobs, they will collect less, or may not collect at all.

What politician could possibly tell doctors to train each other and get along without all their high technology and trained help? Yet a more important job than saving lives is surely creating lives. But mothers get no training, no help in the way of more than a token family allowance, inadequate day-care centres and almost nonexistent after-school programs.

No politician would dream of telling blacks they must automatically earn less than other people. But women sales clerks, waitresses and hospital orderlies almost always earn less than males doing the same jobs. It would be called discrimination if a member of a religious group was beaten up, and the assailant would be jailed. But hundreds of wives get beaten by their husbands week in and week out, year after year. Some die, yet society acts as though it isn't happening at all.

Women make up 51 per cent of the population of this country. Think of the kind of clout they could have if they used it at the polls. But to listen to the political parties, the woman voter just doesn't exist. When politicians talk to fishing folk they talk about improved processing plants and new docks. When they talk to wheat farmers they talk of better transportation and higher price supports. When they talk to people in the Atlantic provinces they talk about new federal money for buildings and more incentives for secondary industry. When they talk to ethnic groups they talk about better language training courses. But when they think of women—if they do at all—they assume women will vote exactly as their husbands—so why waste time offering them anything? It's mind-boggling to contemplate, though, how all those discriminatory practices would be swept aside if, instead of women, we were Italian, or black, or lived in Quebec or the Atlantic provinces.

**Doris Anderson is president of the Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women, former editor of *Chatelaine* magazine and the author of the novel *Two Women*.**



Grand Manan at sunset and resident Dick Ingersoll 'The '60s have just arrived here'

# The acquired taste of island life

By David Folster

Inching their queued-up cars along the village street in the predawn December darkness, the drivers huddled over their steering wheels have a single goal in mind getting aboard the ferry docked a few hundred feet away But when, presently, the vessel reaches capacity, at least a dozen vehicles are still ashore. "I didn't plan on making this first boat anyway," shrugs a man emerging from a white panel truck Adds a civil servant from Moncton, contemplating the four-hour wait to the next sailing "Well, it sure slows down the pace of life"

So it does Because here, on the New Brunswick island of Grand Manan, such occurrences are routine, and indeed can be much worse—in summer people must sometimes get cars into line two or three *days* before their actual departures One islander describes the CN-operated ferry service as "just an ongoing struggle" But it's more by keeping the rest of the world literally at bay, it also helps shape the island's character What emerges is a 55-square-mile bulwark of rugged, unspoiled beauty, palpable prosperity and a quiet, God-fearing existence which can be alternately open and friendly, or narrow and entrenched

Located in the Bay of Fundy just 18 miles south of the New Brunswick mainland, Grand Manan is the largest of a 17-island archipelago The roiling waters about its coast are among the trickiest anywhere since 1800 more than 300 ships have run aground on the dangerous shoals and been destroyed Local boy Eric Allaby—something of an island Renaissance man by virtue of his interests in art, history, undersea archeology and fishing—has explored nearly two dozen of the wrecks His discoveries have included cases of dishes, tea sets, brass candlesticks—and, aboard a steamship that went down in 1909, some vintage scotch

But the sea's biggest treasure trove is its natural bounty. At least three-quarters of Grand Manan's 2,600 year-round residents, who mostly live in six villages strung out along the island's east and southeast coasts, depend directly on the ocean for their livelihoods The sea crops range from lobster, a $2-million annual business, to the equally exotic, if less pricy, dulse, an edible seaweed noted for its high iron and iodine content Islanders insist the world's best dulse comes from below the yawning cliffs of Dark Harbour, on the unoccupied western side of the island Picked from coastal rocks and dried in the sun, the salty, purplish-black dulse is definitely an acquired taste nevertheless islanders gobble it up ("I eat it just like hay," says veteran dulse man LeRoy Flagg) and sell $100,000 worth to mainlanders besides

Residents' neatly tended homes, mostly wooden and painted white, amply testify to the islanders' comfortable standard of living. This year the big catches have been hauled in by herring fishermen who capture the silvery fish in heart-shaped "weirs" made of nets attached to stakes driven into the ocean floor A combination of luck and the three-year-old 200-mile fishing limit, which seems to have reduced Soviet plunder of off-shore stocks, has produced a mass migration of herring into the near-shore weirs "I've been in the fishing business for 36 years," says Burton Small of Woodward's Cove, "and I've never seen anything like this year as far as the quantity of fish goes"

But it hasn't always been this way, as the melancholy names fishermen sometimes give their weirs suggest The Protest, Aggravation, Star of Hope and The Gamble Still, for all the chancy nature of their enterprise, fishermen like Small insist half of its appeal "isn't the money. It's being your own boss that's the thrill and challenge"

Their close relationship with nature breeds a rare independence among islanders "The only time I'll retire is when they haul me up to the cemetery," says 77-year-old Elmer Wilcox, who lately has had his 50-year career as electrician, plumber and installer of heating systems take a new-old turn because of the revival in wood heat. Wilcox loves the quiet island life. By the same token Doug Daggett, keeper of the light on the 240-foot bluff that is Southwest Head, longs for even more isolation Gazing wistfully at the blinking beacon on Gannet Rock, an acre-sized lump seven miles off Grand Manan, he declares "I was out there for three years, and if I had my choice I'd do it over They were the best years I had."

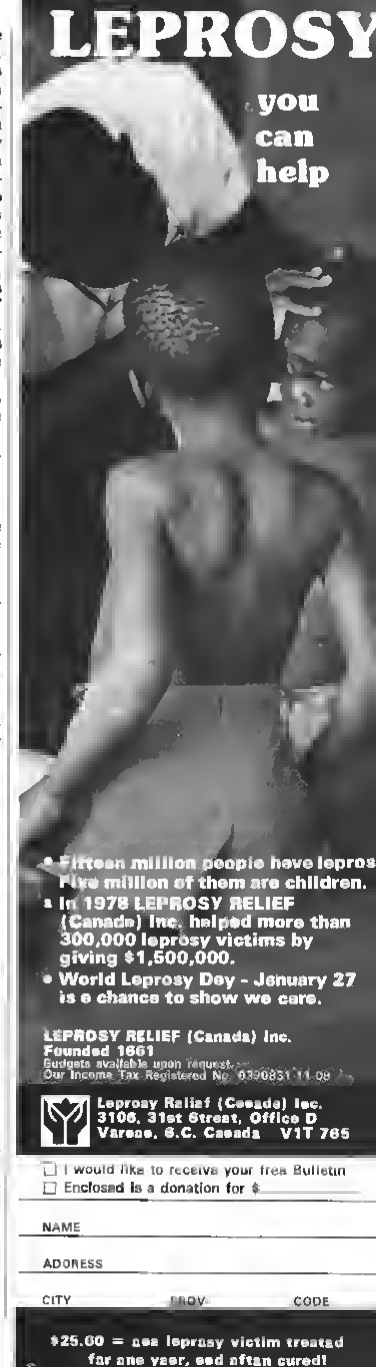
There are no bars or movie theatres on Grand Manan, and even the single Royal Canadian Legion branch is dry. Fifteen churches dominate the island's social fabric. Since Torontonian Jim Leslie and family bought the 108-year-old Marathon Inn in the village of North Head two years ago, he and his family have adapted nicely to island life—in every way but one. When Leslie innocently sought a government licence to serve wine and beer to guests in his dining room, he was startled to find the local clergy leading a petition-and-letter-writing campaign against the idea Leslie's application was turned down, as was a subsequent second bid. "Most of the people coming in here wouldn't even be islanders," he says. "They'd be guests from off the island" Undaunted, Leslie plans a third attempt early in 1980

The insular life also has drawbacks for some native islanders, especially the young Lacking organized activities, they are often left on their own and, as a consequence, rumors abound of teenage pregnancies, delinquency and drug use. This fall the local ministerial association launched a drive to build the island's first skating rink But little else has been done to cauterize the problem

One night in early December a small group of islanders and visitors sat around the Marathon Inn in a scene, with its flickering fire inside and dappled moon-made shadows outside, reminiscent of an Agatha Christie thriller The only mystery under investigation in this tableau, however, was the collective Grand Manan psyche "Everybody knows what you're doing at any time of the day or night," observed a single woman. "You either lead a celibate life or have a reputation." Noting the problems with island teen-agers, a man observed that "the '60s have just arrived here" To which another rejoined, "That's 'cause they've been waiting on the other side for the ferry." Finally, near the evening's end, the candid, summary comment emerged "You know, you just can't live here unless you love the place"

Perhaps for precisely that reason, a dramatic sea-change doesn't appear part of Grand Manan's future, even though, after months of campaigning by islanders, the New Brunswick government recently announced that an additional daily trip will be added to the ferry schedule in January That will make three trips per day during the week and two on Sunday for the winter. "It'll be a slight improvement," conceded Eric Allaby, a longtime critic. "What we really need is a larger, faster vessel"

Still, upon further reflection, even he added "When you're cut off from the rest of the world you almost feel like a spectator looking at it. I'm not sure that's all bad"

# A trail as cold as 'The Cat'



Firemen removing bodies from Gargantua tha most cold-blooded mass murder

It was Jan. 21, 1975, in a seedy topless joint called the Gargantua Bar Salon on the north side of Montreal. It was shortly after midnight. Manager Rejean Fortin, a waitress Denise Lauzée and 11 patrons were in the bar on Beaubien Street. A couple of hours later, all 13 were taken out in body bags.

Fortin had been shot and killed. Lauzée and the 11 customers had been locked inside a six-by-eight-foot storage room. A jukebox was pushed in front of the door to ensure their imprisonment. The bar was set afire, and all died of asphyxiation. It is left to the most macabre of imaginations to conjure up the scene in that tiny locker. It was perhaps the most cold-blooded mass murder ever committed in Canada.

Now, five years later, the crime remains unsolved. No one has ever gone to jail for it. No one has ever gone to trial. No motive has ever been established. The bar was a hangout for two-bit hoods and local riffraff. Montreal police said then and still say that they suspect a *règlement des comptes*, an underworld settling of accounts. Many unsolved murders in Montreal are classified that way.

There have been a couple of suspects, though. Richard Blass was suspect No. 1. He had escaped from prison three months earlier and had been implicated by police in a double murder in the same bar the previous October (though a link between the two crimes was never made). He was a brash and defiant hoodlum, sending pictures of himself to police and letters—"news releases"—to his lawyer, Frank Shoofey. "Every crime he committed he confessed to me," Shoofey said of Blass in an interview recently. "But that one, the Gargantua, he always denied."

Blass was known as "The Cat." He had escaped from prison twice. He had survived numerous underworld contracts, once getting out of a burning hotel room after being shot four times in the head. But three days after the Gargantua murders The Cat, at 29, ran out of lives. He was killed by police in a raid on a chalet in Val David, in the Laurentians. He was never conclusively tied to the Gargantua.

Suspect No. 2 was Fernand Beaudet, then 28. Police had Beaudet on tape making references to himself, Blass and the Gargantua. They got Beaudet's sister and girl-friend to corroborate the wiretaps at a coroner's inquest held two weeks after the crime. The inquest held Beaudet "criminally responsible" for the mass murder. But at the preliminary hearing Beaudet's sister and girl-friend recanted. The judge refused to hold Beaudet for trial, citing insufficient evidence. Beaudet soon after went to prison anyway, getting 12 years for two armed robberies.

"The Gargantua? The Gargantua?" asks Captain Mario Gosselin of the Montreal homicide squad. "Oh, yes," he says, when reminded of the 13 murders. "I wasn't in this job then. That was a long time ago, wasn't it?" The police conclude that Richard Blass was somehow involved. "A case can be closed as far as we're concerned—though a homicide is never officially closed until it's solved. We may have the information, but as far as the court is concerned it's never closed until there's a conviction."

So, even if the police are convinced that Richard Blass killed those 13 people, the courts will never close the case. But they'll likely never get an explanation of why those 13 people died, either.

**Ken Becker**

# The cartel that blew sky-high

When Canada, Australia, Britain, France and South Africa agreed to set up a uranium cartel in February, 1972, there was no immediate fanfare. News of the move—meant to counter a United States boycott of foreign uranium that had driven prices down to Depression levels—was relegated to the business pages and trade publications. But three years later, with the price of uranium up from $6 to more than $40 a pound, the cartel began to





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Stevens: a tug-of-war among major elites

attract attention from the press and from the U.S. government, which launched an anti-trust investigation of its activities. (The U.S. was operating under the peculiar assumption that its anti-trust laws extend around the world, or at least as far as its major trading partners.) In their defence, Canada and the other cartel countries argued that the price of uranium had escalated largely because other fuels, notably oil, had also been sharply revalued; that, as a result, the cartel was no longer in business, and that in any event it was outside the jurisdiction of the U.S.

Despite those objections, the U.S. persisted in its investigation, using American commercial links to firms involved in the cartel for leverage. Gulf Oil Corp. of Pittsburgh, the parent firm of Gulf Minerals Canada Ltd., a cartel participant, was a notable target. But some 20 other firms, including Eldorado Nuclear Ltd., which is owned by the Canadian government, were also investigated. Finally, however, in 1978, the U.S. agreed to drop the case against all the corporations with the exception of Gulf, which was fined a mere $40,000.

But the international dispute did not stop there. Still to be settled is a parallel civil suit launched by Westinghouse Electric Corp. of Pittsburgh, which had been selling uranium at discount prices along with its nuclear reactors. When the price of uranium shot up, Westinghouse could not fulfil its contracts to supply the nuclear fuel cheaply and, in September, 1975, it was sued by 17 corporate customers, mostly American utility companies. Westinghouse has since settled 12 of the 17 suits out of court (at a cost of $650 million). But it has also launched its own suit against the uranium cartel, which it blames for the higher prices. Westinghouse is seeking treble damages, which could amount to a staggering $6 billion, in the suit against 17 American and 12 foreign corporations*, known as the 'Chicago 29" because the case is being heard in the Chicago district court.

Nine of the 29, including Rio Algom Ltd. of Toronto, refused to appear in court to face the suit. As a result, they have been declared in default and their U.S. assets have been frozen pending the award of damages. For the other 20, trial has been put off more than a year to September, 1981. Meanwhile, the 20 defendants must respond to the court's demands for documents pertaining to the case. To date, they have been unable to comply with the court order because the governments of Canada, Australia, and Britain have passed laws or regulations forbidding the disclosure of information on the cartel.

In Canada the Conservatives, led by Sinclair Stevens (now president of the Treasury Board), vigorously opposed these so-called "gag laws" when they were in Opposition. There was speculation that a Conservative government would turn the documents over to the Chicago court. But on Dec. 13, the very day the government was defeated in Parliament, cabinet decided not to let the documents go, with Stevens dissenting. The government, embarrassed by yet another reversal of a stand it had taken in Opposition, did not announce its decision publicly but wrote the affected companies privately.

The next step is unclear. Westinghouse seems determined to press ahead with its lawsuit but the governments of Canada, Australia and Britain seem just as determined to frustrate that effort and prevent the extension of U.S. anti-trust laws beyond American borders. The Chicago district court, under Judge Prentice Marshall, will have to decide on how to pursue the case further.

Another player in this international tug-of-war is the judiciary committee of the U.S. Senate, which is conducting its own investigation of the handling of the criminal prosecution of the cartel by the U.S. government. The $40,000 fine assessed Gulf as a result of the prosecution was "barely pin money to a company that earned $791 million in 1978," complains Democratic Senator Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio, the anti-trust zealot who is spearheading a judiciary committee probe. Metzenbaum's—and Westinghouse's—target may be Gulf and other multinational firms. But the victim could well be U.S. relations with its major allies and trading partners.

**Ian Urquhart**

**Including Canada's Denison Mines Ltd., Gulf Minerals Ltd., Noranda Mines Ltd. and Rio Algom Ltd.*




# Where the sun is not now welcome



Lining up for water and curling up to die in India: the worst drought in 60 years

By Peter Niesewand

Bali Singh, a poor man of Gadhi village in the drought-stricken Indian state of Bihar, complains that a few weeks back a local contractor took his brother, Sheo Singh, and two others, and sold them as slaves to someone in Haryana state, 800 miles away. There was no choice, and perhaps the brother is getting something to eat now. But Bali Singh is still hungry and still battling for survival. He became angry when politicians, still campaigning three weeks ago, arrived to offer him, once again, a better tomorrow in exchange for his vote today.



Bali Singh, in a hut of mud bricks, scavenged tin sheeting and torn polythene bags, is only one of nearly 200 million people living in areas affected by India's worst drought in 60 years. Hundreds of thousands have left fields which have turned to dust bowls, and migrated to hovels in cities and towns. In some, men and women openly prostitute themselves in exchange for a square meal.

In Bihar's Singhbhum district, Ram Devi is a Harijan—and the ordinary problems of life for an untouchable have been doubled by the drought. Ram Devi has a wife and six children. The bellies of the children are swollen with hunger. The family eats roots, leaves and what berries they can find. "The well dried up and we had no water," he said. "We went two miles to the river where there is still a little, but some rich farmers shot at us and we ran away. Then we heard they were coming to kill us. We had no food. Our crops had failed and there was no work. So we left that place."

Northwest of Bihar is Uttar Pradesh—with 88 million people, India's most populous state. Here, the situation is every bit as bad—made grimmer, perhaps, by the government's dispute over how many people have died of starvation. In fact, the government vehemently denies there have been any starvation deaths at all, although it does concede that at least 22 people have died of malnutrition. A fine distinction, indeed.

After weeks of underplaying the gravity of the situation, the Indian government last month officially admitted that the drought, which has stricken 140 of India's 400 districts, is the worst since 1918.

Driving through the area, there are pitifully few scattered patches of green, where tube wells have been sunk by high-caste farmers, or sometimes by the government. Elsewhere, the crops have shrivelled and died in the fields and the earth is so hard, dry and barren that it seems no water has reached it for years. And the shortage of drinking water is also becoming increasingly desperate. The next monsoon is not due for five months.

The main thrust of the official relief effort is the "Food for Work" program. In the Banda district of Utter Pradesh alone, there are 443 relief centres where men, women and children toil from sunrise to sunset, digging the stone-hard earth to build tanks or construct link roads. According to performance, their wage can be 10 pounds of wheat a day. Except that this is not paid daily, or even paid weekly. It is supposed to be handed over every fortnight, although in practice, transport difficulties, breakdowns of supplies and a host of other difficulties mean that 25 days or more go past before the food arrives. By that time, many of the workers have had to live on roots and berries, on what they can borrow or on what they can get for their bodies after the day's work is done. And then the cheats move in—overseers who record the performance, but not always accurately, and distributors who take their cute.

Although most of those affected by the drought are Harijans and members of what are officially called "the backward castes," many are not. Even relatively prosperous farmers can grow nothing in their fields, and have been forced to pick up spades and head for the "Food for Work" sites. The wheat, when they get it, is often used as a medium of exchange for other necessities—salt, kerosene, cloth—and, again, unscrupulous traders are ready to exploit the hungry, by devaluing wheat as a currency. The people in need are in no position to argue.




## Trudeau's latest rock 'n' roll

I have just read your article *Here We Go Again* (Dec. 24) and discovered that Pierre E. Trudeau will be leading the Liberals in another election campaign. My first reaction is one of fright. Here is a man who had not one but two children born on Christmas Day, who was declared politically dead not two months ago, and now has rolled back the rock and been resurrected. Is this the second coming?

RON PERRY, SALTSPRING ISLAND, B.C.



ARMAND LEGAULT

P.E T_ fears of a second coming

### A curete's eggs

You ended your article on PCBs, *Much Too Hot Not to Handle* (Dec. 17), with this quote from an Ontario environment ministry official: "If we don't get rid of this stuff soon, you and I are going to be eating it for breakfast." We in B.C. have been eating it for breakfast for months, in contaminated eggs, and in chickens and turkeys which have been given contaminated feed. When this information was made public, we were told that the eggs and poultry would remain on the market. Certain officials were trying to strike a balance between economics and health. I am still outraged by this attitude, and have been fighting it in the only way I think will make sense to people who balance our health with dollars: by boycotting poultry and eggs.

DIANE MCNALLY, SOOKE, B.C.

### Rhapsody in blue

As an unemployed screenwriter, it was with great sadness that I read Jack McLeod's excellent article *For Love but Not for Money* (Dec. 24). Until Canadians start to take Canadian writers (in any medium) seriously, there doesn't seem to be much point in hanging around, does there? Not unless, of course, one enjoys singing those mean old existential blues. Ah, to be in Paris in the springtime.

PETER DUDLEY, OTTAWA

### The army gets the gravy

From 1957 to 1977 I served in the Canadian Armed Forces and I would like to comment on your article *Fighting on the Home Front* (Dec. 17). Throughout my career in the forces my wife and I occupied married quarters in Canada and Europe. They were never elegant, but they were definitely sufficient, economical and always cheaper than comparable civilian accommodation. When I left the forces and started working in the civilian world, I realized just how well I had been paid and finally learned what the word work really meant. After two years as a civilian, with few eight-to-five days, no five-day weeks, I have finally advanced to the same wage I was earning when I left the forces. Also, there are no sports afternoons in civilian life.

R.A.B. STEWART, FORT MCMURRAY, ALTA.

### Tender loving Carr

Your recent article *No Action on the Used Carr Lot* (Dec. 24) obscured, in my opinion, the true significance of the events that took place here in British Columbia. During the time that the Emily Carr collection was in the gallery on exhibit, we had thousands of visitors who came from throughout the province to view the works. We had innumerable phone calls, all expressing the hope that the collection both remain in British Columbia and in the public domain. Many people offered advice and schemes from pooling together to buy the works, to the creation of a special lottery. We were astonished and gratified to find that so many people from all walks of life were so involved with art in this province. We were also most grateful to find that the negotiations, conducted with difficulty in the full glare of the public eye, were, almost without exception, conducted with patience and generosity, both on the part of the government and the owner of the collection.



Carr detail: astonished and gratified

KATHERINE VON SCHACK,
ASSISTANT TO THE DIRECTOR,
KEENLYSIDE GALLERY, VANCOUVER

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# Where have all the leaders gone?



By Roy MacGregor

*Leadership is a cabinet which includes Mitchell Sharp, John Turner, Don Macdonald and Alastair Gillespie. That is leadership.*—Pierre Trudeau, 1974

*Once people get to know me better, they'll like me more.*—Joe Clark, 1979

They are, like their memory, faded, but the Conservative election posters of 1958 have deservedly become collector's items, for we shall not see their likes again. Footprints, two simple words, FOLLOW JOHN—the ultimate précis of Diefenbaker's most glorious victory. This year, 1980, there are no tracks to be found—only a confusing and sometimes foul spoor. In Toronto, where the unholy grail of Feb. 18 lies teasing, Pierre Trudeau—in his only semi-public appearance of the day—stands humbly and silently to the side of a hotel stage filled with those he once arrogantly called "nobodies"—backbench members of Parliament. Where only years ago he drew crowds like a Tom Jones handkerchief, his own party has turned him into a used Kleenex and the halo above his head has been replaced with invisible strings. In this same hotel less than 24 hours earlier stood Prime Minister Joe Clark, not welcome in a single close riding in Toronto for fear he may tip the scales against himself. How ironic, then, that the Clark entourage, when sneaking from the hotel to its political bunker known as Air Canada Charter 89, would come upon Debbie and Pat Boone checking in at the reception desk and would be understandably taken aback by the presence of true, unabashed stardom. This, after all, was Debbie Boone, whose immaculate preconceptions concerning premarital sex have given her just cause to brag that "Mothers hold me up to their children." Given the first five weeks of Election 1980, Joe Clark and Pierre Trudeau are lucky if they can count on their mothers, let alone anyone who might be expected to look up to them.

Canada may well have entered the age of negative leadership. A vast number of people no longer vote for whom they like but against the one they hate. It has become an election in which Pierre Trudeau remains the great hope of the Tories and Joe Clark carries the Liberal banner highest. As Bruce Anderson, the campaign manager for Liberal incumbent Jim Fleming in York West, says, "The focus has shifted from Trudeau to Clark, and that is a beneficial shift for the Liberal party." Out in Winnipeg, senior citizen Avril Hill won't even allow Trudeau's name to cross her lips. And the most compelling sign in Tory David Crombie's campaign office says, simply: "Certain destruction with Trudeau."

"I see this campaign as not a clash of personalities," Trudeau said in Toronto, "but a clash of philosophies." Last week he was holding out against a television debate—certainly one way to eliminate any clash of personalities. He also announced that a Liberal government would raise the price of oil, but would not say how much, meaning it was difficult to hear the clash of philosophies even with a stethoscope. The loudest sound of Week 5 came, oddly, from within the Tory party, when the prime minister and the finance minister stood, in John Crosbie's words, "bum to bum" and passed wind over different ideas on future oil prices.

Even so, if Pierre Trudeau honestly believes that philosophies decide elections, he has not read *Political Choice in Canada*, published last year by four Canadian political scientists and showing conclusively that issues mean next to zilch. Of the components that go into a voter forming a positive image of a leader, personality matters by far the most, followed by style, distantly by leadership qualities and then, nearly imperceptibly, by such matters as the leader's stand on inflation and economic issues. Trudeau himself in 1968 measured 50 per cent in personality, 25 per cent in style, two per cent in leadership and less than one per cent on economic issues. Using data gathered from the 1974 election as well, the authors* concluded that one out of every four Canadians have "leadership" as the "real reason" behind their vote—more than enough voters to decide the difference between defeat and a majority. Pierre Trudeau is wrong. Much to the worry of both parties, personality will decide the results.

During the last election the Tories were distraught to discover through their polls that support for Joe Clark seemed to fall off immediately after he had visited an area; they were only heartened when further research discovered that Trudeau was doing the same thing to Liberals. Keith Davey, the Liberal campaign chairman, likes to make a reverse play on the word "charisma," coming up with *amsirane* to illustrate the repelling of voters rather than attracting them, and it may well be the deciding factor of the future. "In the 1980s," says Paul Fox, the well-known Canadian political scientist, "the people are more cautious about their choice of leader. The era of the charismatic leader is over. We are now suspicious of charismatic leadership." What this has caused is a case of the shepherds chasing after the sheep, their route guided by computer printouts from party pollsters Martin Goldfarb and Allan Gregg. So while it was considered a witticism when Andrew Bonar Law, the only Canadian-born British prime minister, quoted a French revolutionary who had said, "I must follow them; I am their leader," today it is regarded as a creed. "It is impossible for any party to have a solution to an oil crisis," says David Surplis, an Ontario government adviser who has done extensive research on leadership. "They can't say, 'We're the party with the answer,' so they have to say, 'We can cope better than the other parties.'" Consequently, the main parties are trying to sell their leaders as managers, not magicians, and Clark's perceived ineptness and Trudeau's obvious discomfort have meant that the NDP's Ed Broadbent has profited. In a Gallup poll taken last September to determine which leader was the greatest asset to his party, Broadbent scored a first in Ontario, the Prairies and British Columbia, second in the Atlantic provinces and Quebec, and, had he not trailed Trudeau 39 per cent to 71 per cent in Quebec, he would have beaten Trudeau on the national totals as well. "Broadbent's strength," says NDP candidate Bob Rae, whose opinion is obviously biased, "is that he projects a very strong feeling of decency, of concern, of intelligence." Bill Borys, a construction worker from Surrey, B.C., agrees, and favors Broadbent because he was the sole leader "who stuck to the issues" during the 1979 television debates. Unfortunately



HARVEY UPC

**Broadbent at a Quebec shipyard profiting from the discomforts of others**

**The University of Windsor's Harold D. Clarke and Lawrence LeDuc, and Carleton's Jane Jenson and Jon H. Pammett.*

## Clark: bashing the last Liberal

In a federal election campaign overburdened with careful speeches, artificial excitement and stale rhetoric, the open-line radio show provides a welcome dash of anarchy. Very often unexpected questions from quirky callers jolt politicians out of their tedious role-playing into something approaching normal human behavior. It happened last week in Winnipeg when Prime Minister Joe Clark greeted a woman caller to radio station CJOB's morning show. "Well," said the woman hearing his voice, "*you* are not the prime minister!" "Yes ma'am, I am," replied Clark, momentarily nonplussed. Before the hour-long show ended it was also revealed that Maureen uses McTeer, not Clark, on her credit cards and Joe has never smoked dope "on these shores or any other."

After a promising start, Clark's campaign lost momentum last week in southern Ontario, sputtered through Saskatchewan, picked up again in Winnipeg, then flew unsteadily home to Ottawa for a one-day layover. For some reason—as unclear to Clark himself as to the reporters following him—socialist-bashing is not selling in the Midwest. Certainly Clark's attacks on the NDP in Regina and the nearby farming community of Southey (population 700) didn't strike sparks—not even his rather inflammatory suggestion that the NDP played politics, leaving this country without a Parliament while the Soviets marched into Afghanistan."

But the next day in Winnipeg's urban Winnipeg-Fort Garry riding, now held by reform Liberal Lloyd Axworthy, Clark's shots at Pierre Trudeau's "palace clique" were right on target. Spurred on to a fine performance by a heckler whom Clark called the "last Liberal in Western Canada," he blistered Trudeau for perverting the original philosophy of the Liberal party, much to the delight of a lively crowd.

Meanwhile, his aides were downplaying apparent contradictions within Tory ranks, particularly long-distance disagreement between Clark and his popular finance minister John Crosbie over the effects of the increased cost of imported oil on Canada's domestic prices. The issue finally disappeared after a few speedy phone calls between Clark and Crosbie, leaving Clark face-to-face with the real issue in this campaign: his personal credibility. Clark has no trouble establishing himself as a nice guy, but no number of shiny black three-piece suits—like the one he wore to a Regina rally—will make him look prime ministerial.

In a punchy warm-up speech to the Winnipeg-Fort Garry rally, Jake Epp, minister of Indian affairs and northern development, complained that Clark has been more badly maligned and abused" than any other leader. "Well, Joe Clark has a responsible track record," shouted Epp defiantly, as a mild but distinct ripple of laughter rolled across the crowded hall.

**Susan Riley**



PACQUIN/UPC

**Clark campaigning 'maligned and abused'**

for Broadbent, too many Canadians share the belief of Holger Heitland, 22-year-old president of the student union at Lakehead University. "Broadbent is the best leader," Heitland says. "But he belongs to the wrong party."

No such easy fix is available for the Liberals or Conservatives. Trudeau watchers have come to feel they are dealing with a science-fiction character from *Dune*, the Face Dancer, Scytale, whose special quality of simpatico gave him "a mimic's insight with which he could put on the psyche of another as well as the other's appearance." As for the Tories, however, perhaps only they could appreciate the argument of Elvis Presley's personal physician last week when he claimed to have been making great strides toward improving Presley's health—complicated only by the singer's death. Clark has not fared well. After miraculously connecting the NDP-assisted defeat of his government to Canada's ineffectiveness during the Afghanistan invasion, even Clark himself was admitting he had blown his day last Wednesday.

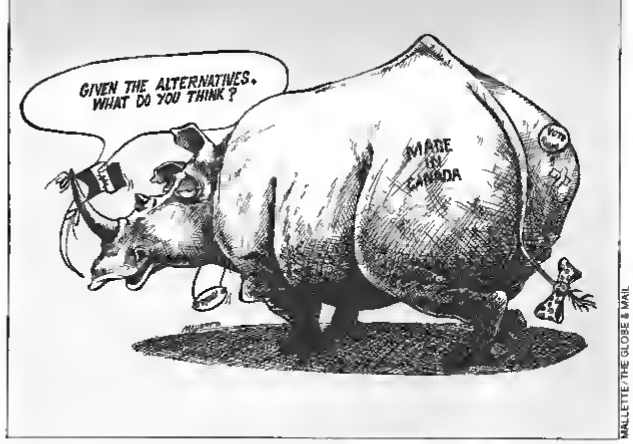
"You're going to see," veteran Tory MP George Hees told a New Brunswick crowd last May, "after a few months of office, that the people will be saying, 'This man Clark is the *best* prime minister this country has had in 50 years!' " Instead, after the Israeli embassy debacle, the people—like Ghulam Haider Khan, the president of the Federation of Pakistani Canadians—are saying, "Clark embarrasses me as a Canadian and as a citizen of the world." Khan's vote will go to Trudeau, whom he refers to as "the lesser evil"—the perfect summation of this leaderless Canadian election.

An extensive American report published in 1976 discovered that 83 per cent of Americans "do not trust those in positions of leadership as much as they used to." Clark himself said two weeks ago: "There's no question that there is a profound distrust [of political leaders]. That's always been there to some degree, never in as acute a degree as it is now." When the finger of blame sweeps, it always lingers over the press, and there is no doubt that a more diligent modern press—angered by the lies of Watergate, Cambodia and the RCMP—has frightened a great many potential leaders away from the political process, many of them claiming the all-encompassing "personal reasons." Those nostalgic for a Churchill, a John Kennedy, a John A. Macdonald or even a William Lyon Mackenzie King fear that none would last today, once the press uncovered the drinking, womanizing or levitating of tables. As one American congressman puts it, "The danger is always there that too much sun makes a desert." It can also be said, however, that only fungus prospers in the dark.



FOX PHOTOS

**Kennedy, Macdonald and Churchill: the drinking, the womanizing, the levitating**




MALLETTE/THE GLOBE & MAIL

The issue is not so much the press as it is leadership itself. The search is on for new definitions, for obviously the times have changed greatly. Aristotle believed a statesman ruled his fellow citizens the way he ruled his wife, but Aristotle also believed that eels rose spontaneously from the mud. Harry Truman said leadership was "the ability to get men to do what they don't want to do, and like it." Clark attempted this route, counting on making Canadians embrace higher oil prices by holding out a vague optimism for the future, but in doing so he disregarded the insight of the French political philosopher, Georges Sorel, who said: "The optimist in politics is an inconsistent and even dangerous man, because he takes no account of the great difficulties presented by his projects."

In classical political terms, Trudeau is likewise a failure. "The final test of a leader," Walter Lippmann wrote after Franklin Roosevelt's death, "is that he leaves behind him in other men the conviction and the will to carry on." Trudeau, of course, left behind mostly discarded bodies—Turner, Macdonald, Basford, Pelletier—all lost because he would not, or could not, plead with them to stay. His retirement and subsequent rebirth has been labelled deception as much as devotion, and the notion persists that the Liberal party is not unlike an anemic trusting in a transfusion of his own blood.

The authors of *Political Choice in Canada* used extensive polling data to create a political "thermometer" on the 1974 election and, giving 50 as a median, or freezing point, discovered Trudeau's score of 62 was the only measure to rise above freezing. Unlucky Robert Stanfield, who scored a chilly 46 in voter receptiveness, had good reason to say: "If I were to walk on the water, the press would say it was because I couldn't swim."

Given that 1974 produced a Trudeau majority and only a perceptive few had become suspicious of the dancing face, it may well be in 1980 that no Canadian leader would bask in the balmy side of such a thermometer. Joe Clark—regarded as an asset to his party by a mere 41 per cent of Canadians in last September's Gallup—said last Monday that "I might not be quite as popular as Robert Redford, but people are going to consider other factors than that." He will have a difficult time convincing Dawn Lockwood of Carleton County, New Brunswick, who believes the prime minister "hasn't projected anything but bumbling."

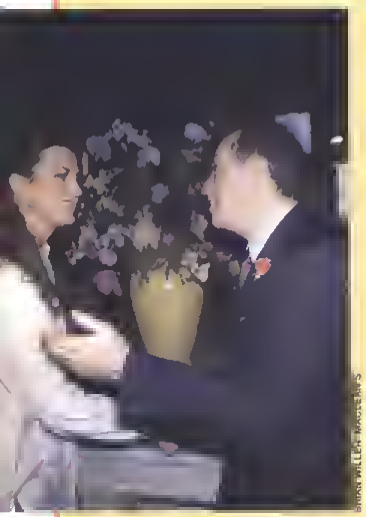
Clark's millstone, of course, is the long list of broken Tory promises, covering half the world from Tel Aviv to the preferred interest rates in downtown Thunder Bay. Ironically, only seven months ago Clark was campaigning against Trudeau and calling him "the prince of broken promises." But then, Trudeau was campaigning seven months ago on the slogan, "A leader must be a leader." At times it appears as if each was the other's understudy in 1979, merely exchanging notes when the astire hit the road in 1980.

Trudeau, in becoming the "team man" that Clark was selling a year ago, has simply not been convincing. "This isn't new," points out political scientist Fox. "It's been used before, but it's manipulation by the Liberals to minimize Trudeau." Believing the war won, the party strategists have adopted full retreat as a battle plan.

John Kenneth Galbraith has said, "The leadership we need for the '80s is that which interprets the collective judgment." For Canada, however, that seems like an impossibility. With oil and language driving the fragile cracks even wider, there are those who wonder, as David Suzuki does, "Can Clark, can Trudeau, can Broadbent, can *anybody* somehow transcend these very parochial and provincial interests, which are becoming predominant?" Don Wilson, a Calgary businessman, asks whether "any one man has the dimension necessary to run a country."

"There's an old proverb," says Ann Cools, the Liberal candidate in Toronto's Rosedale riding. "I wept because I had no shoes, then I met a man who had no feet!" Applied to leaders, such a thought is a kick at the grave of the British philosophar Thomas Carlyle who, more than a century ago, set down the true secret of good government. "Find in any country the Ablest Man that exists there," Carlyle wrote. "Raise him to the supreme place, and loyally reverence him: you have a perfect government for that country."

Given the negative leadership of Election 1980, Carlyle's wish has about as much chance of coming true as the discovery that Aristotle's eels do indeed rise spontaneously. Actually, less of a chance. Thanks to Pierre Trudeau and Joe Clark, the mud is already about us in abundance.



SIMON HALLER—MACLEAN'S

**Singer Sylvia Tyson greets Trudeau at a Toronto women's club: plenty of 'emsirahc'**

## Trudeau: only The Shadow knows

A prankster had spiked a small hole in all the Styrofoam cups. Pierre Trudeau discovered this as he stood before 500 students at the University of Saskatchewan last week, pouring water from one cup to another. "I give marks to the student who did this," he grinned, secure in the knowledge the students were laughing with him not at him. A Trudeau aide stood nearby, bemused. "Heads would have rolled for this last spring," he whispered.

This winter campaign is halfway through and Trudeau is basking in the warmth of private party polls which show him within a handful of ballots of winning his third majority government in five attempts. No longer does he look ashen or stumble often into near incoherence as he did throughout his bleak and besieged autumn. The crazy teeter-totter of Canadian public opinion seems to have vaulted him back into favor after seven months in Opposition. The way the Liberals see it now, everything is going their way. When Trudeau arrived in Vancouver last Thursday evening the United States announced it would ship its Alaska oil by tanker down the British Columbia coast instead of building a pipeline south through Canada. "I've never seen things fall into place like this," crowed a Trudeau strategist—although elsewhere Ed Broadbent blamed Trudeau as well as Clark for not pressing Canada's opposition to the tanker route harder.

It seems almost immaterial at this stage that Trudeau has yet to put any flesh on the Liberal campaign platform. In the Legion hall in Estevan, Saskatchewan, Trudeau described the Liberal campaign message as declaring Canadians need a government that has a "sense of direction" and a "sense of justice for all." This message boils down to an attack on Joe Clark's 18-cent hike in the gasoline excise tax coupled with an implicit attack on Clark himself.

"The trick is to get Trudeau into this election," suggests a frustrated Tory organizer. "Let's get him calling farmers complainers." But instead of belaboring farmers this time, Trudeau listens patiently as they lecture him on their problems while he walks around a Saskatoon dairy farm in his brand-new Wallabees. Which leaves the Tories infuriated. Finance Minister John Crosbie has taken to calling Trudeau "The Shadow" after the old radio mystery character. It is The Shadow, scoffed Crosbie in Vancouver, "who could cloud men's minds and thereby become invisible. Now isn't that a perfect description of Mr. Trudeau?"

While his strategists say the Trudeau campaign will accelerate through the final weeks, with increased emphasis on Liberal policies, this is clearly not a campaign like last spring's where Pierre Trudeau was the bearer of bad news. The role of telling Canadians to tighten their belts, he's leaving to Joe Clark. Instead, he dusts off a year-old Transport Canada study that recommends the rail lines between Winnipeg and Vancouver be double-tracked. He's playing the role of a patient, generous and wise old uncle—a Dwight Eisenhower for Canada in the 1980s. **Ian Anderson**



CHERYL LEAN

Cooper (right) pressing the flesh with a voter

# Halifax: street-fighters around the pork barrel

By Robert Lewis

The wayward reporter, far from the tall tales and mollycoddling of leaders' fuselages, could do worse in Campaign Over than a stop down by the sea in Halifax. It was only eight months ago that the ambivalence of urban Canada was recorded there in a skimpy 15-vote victory for Conservative George (Landslide) Cooper. Now Gerald Regan, a prominent local son possessed of royal jelly, has taken up the Liberal banner dropped reluctantly by Brian Flemming who, bruised and in debt from two attempts at the seat, has gone back to practise law. Alexa McDonough, the impressive NDP candidate, is back in the fray after almost tripling her party's vote last May. That Haligonians can pick only one of the above is a pity.

Since Confederation, however, the electors of Halifax riding have been a choosy lot. Apart from exceptionally lengthy terms for Prime Minister Robert Borden, north-end Liberal power baron Gordon B. Isnor during the Mackenzie King era and Tory leader Robert Stanfield, voters frequently have switched allegiance. In 31 general elections they returned 24 Conservatives, 20 Liberals and, four times before the end of the two-member constituency in 1966, an MP from both parties, including Regan from 1963-65 (see box). Of the Atlantic region's 32 federal seats*, Halifax is the one to watch because the outcome there will be determined, largely, by national trends.

Regan, 51, is a new factor in an old equation. As former premier and just-resigned provincial Liberal leader he has city-wide visibility, and a poll by Toronto's Martin Goldfarb puts him 15 points ahead. He is running unabashedly for a senior economic portfolio in a Liberal government and, beyond, harbors national leadership ambitions. But he may carry too much baggage from his government's defeat in 1978 by the Conservatives, when he clung to his north-end city seat by a mere 137 votes.

Tory Cooper, 38, a Rhodes scholar, lawyer and old friend of Joe Clark, has to work at displaying the common touch. His pitch at the door is that the Opposition didn't give the new government a chance and that Ottawa finally delivered on pledges to bail out the troubled shipyards. McDonough, 35, a community activist and labor expert, talks up issues like jobs and energy but fights her roots as the scion of wealthy industrialist Lloyd Shaw (himself a longtime CCF-NDP insider) and her ties with Cooper (she is a good friend of his sister-in-law and her husband, Peter, is a member of the old Cooper firm).

In addition to Regan's seat, two provincial ridings that sit entirely within the federal constituency are held by the Conservatives, who recently pushed through the controversial labor law changes known as the Michelin bill over objections from Regan and McDonough. Parts of two other provincial seats in the federal riding split between Grits and Tories. In a province where all parties use the same organization for federal and provincial jousts, the best street-fighting—and the pork barrel—can tip the balance.

Regan is expected to run well in the traditional Liberal stronghold in the working-class north end. Cooper was strongest in the west and in middle-class Fairview. McDonough runs best around the universities. The key battleground should be the highrise towers housing the swing vote along such streets as like Creen, Tobin and Kent in the south end near the harborfront.

Special targets this time are students, nurses, senior citizens and some folks who don't even live in town—members of the Armed Forces registered to vote in Halifax. Last May, as Flemming accepted victory on the basis of a slim lead from city polls, results of the service vote were counted, giving Cooper his winning margin.

Although most students were away, McDonough proved the favorite of the campus crowd. In Fenwick Towers, the largest student poll, she took 57 votes to 40 each for Flemming and Cooper. This time an estimated 10,000 students will be on campus—the first time since the election of 1968—and campaigners are gearing up special pitches and signing up for all-candidates sessions at Dalhousie, St. Mary's and King's College. Turning out the student vote is a perennial problem but this time election officials report heavy registration over the first five days. The mood on campus seems to reflect the snarl in the land. Jane Drew, a fourth-year nursing student at Dal, is voting PC again, but she fears a Liberal minority because "I don't know anybody who wants to see Joe Clark back in." Don Freeman, a Dal medical resident, plans to vote NDP but also predicts a Liberal win because of broken Tory promises.

The seniors, who went heavily Tory in 1979, are clustered mostly in a dozen highrise towers—many of them erected on Regen turf while he was premier. At the big Northwood complex on Gottingen Street, Regan notes, "I even managed to have the Queen lay a cornerstone." That could prove fortuitous

*Current standings in four provinces. PC 18, L 12, NDP 2. Nova Scotia. PC 8, L 2, NDP 1. New Brunswick. PC 4, L 6. Newfoundland. PC 2, L 4, NDP 1. P.E.I. PC 4.



CHERYL LEAN

McDonough at campaign headquarters with Giff Gifford, a favorite on campuses







CUSANO UPC

Regan, contemplating Indira Gandhi

since, despite a visit by Pierre Trudeau in 1979, Northwood voted PC 294, L 269, NDP 4. Mrs. Ruth Demone is proof that the Atlantic tradition of family vote patterns lingers on. She will vote PC again, content that if Joe Clark "makes a mistake he isn't afraid to own up. He's smart, honest and he tries." James Birmingham, 71, will vote Grit as "the lesser of two evils."

A special local concern is the shipyard, abandoned by Britain's Hawker-Siddeley when the market went bust for off-shore oil rigs constructed there. Cooper and Regan are in a bidding war to claim credit for this week's signing of an agreement between Canada and Nova Scotia for the 80-20 cost-sharing of a $43.5-million floating dry dock (Panamax)—a deal promoted by all three party leaders in the last campaign. Cooper also boasts that the PC government restored the 20-per-cent shipbuilding subsidy last year and will provide $3 million toward yard improvements which will allow Halifax Industries Ltd. to build three fishing trawlers worth $27 million. The work force, which slipped to 50 after the Regan government took over the yards in 1978, is now up to 400 in Halifax and could rise to 1,200 by 1982 if all hopes pan out.

But in the end, as McDonough notes, "the local issues are very much the national issues." She is bashing the two Tory governments on balancing budgets and cutting spending. "The insensitivity of the Clark government with a majority," she concludes, "matches that of the Buchanan government with a majority." As for Clark's offer to grant off-shore oil and gas ownership to provinces, "It's utter folly to further balkanize the nation."

Regan, the last to open campaign offices, is conducting a low-key race in the manner of his leader who, he says, "is incredibly on one of his peaks. Joe Clark is the issue." Privately, he contemplates Indira Gandhi's return from the political wilderness and publicly he slams the 18-cent-per-gallon gasoline excise tax in the Tory budget and talks up the good works he brought to Halifax as premier.

Cooper has been pleased on doorsteps to hear support for energy conservation and higher prices. But he is hard-pressed to defend the excise tax in the face of suspicions by the same voters that it hits little people most. He runs through a whole interview without mentioning his pal Clark but, once prompted on the lapse, allows: "The opinion of Clark has improved. Many people don't know him well."

Getting out to see the voters, as Trudeau discovered visiting the seniors of Northwood in 1979, can be a dubious blessing. Given the fractious atmosphere of Election 1980, it may be even wiser this time for candidates to make themselves scarce. So far, it seems to be working for Pierre Trudeau. ⇩

**Riding Profile: Halifax**

**Voters.** 54 000: all city dwellers: broad mix of students, seniors, working families in north end, swing voters in midtown apartments and townhouses, professionals in the south end, important civil service and armed forces vote

**Candidates.** George Cooper (PC—incumbent by 15 votes in 1979)
Gerald Regan (L)
Alexa McDonough (NDP)

**History:**
1974 (Liberal majority): Robert Stanfield by 2 583 votes (PC)
1972 (Liberal minority): Stanfield by 7 927 votes (PC)
1968 (Trudeau sweep): Stanfield by 8 014 votes (PC)
1965 (Pearson minority): dual constituency: two PCs
1963 (Pearson minority): two Liberals including Regan

**Outlook:** Toss up between Tories and Grits with NDP potential spoiler. Gallup puts negative reaction to Clark government highest in Atlantic Canada. Regan has slight edge

## Winnipeg

# Zip-a-Dee-Do-Dah, Zip-a-Dee-Ay

When thieves broke into Winnipeg's Alphian Herbs it wasn't cash they were after or even the health food store's expensive ginseng root. They were looking for the Amazon connection. And they found it—26 bottles of Zoom, a California-packaged organic stimulant touted as a legal upper with the smooth-riding qualities of a snort of cocaine. Since last September, when Zoom was hyped as a sensation on the U.S. drug scene, the stuff has been selling at a premium when it can be found at all. Manager Sid Weinstein of Alphian, where 90 tablets sell for $10.95, says one delighted customer told him Zoom cost $40 in Edmonton—with none to be had. But more amazing than its sudden popularity or its jungle origins is the fact that Zoom's only active ingredient is caffeine—perhaps as much per tablet as is contained in a cup of coffee.

The "magic" in Zoom is a powder extracted from guarana, a plant grown in the Amazon jungles of Brazil. Guarana was first discovered in 1664 by a missionary who noticed natives making a tea from guarana leaves and seeds to stave off hunger and provide energy. But it took until last summer before Beverly Hills entrepreneur Marc Bernstein capitalized on the discovery, organized Amazon Trading of California and began peddling the stuff as Zoom. Each brown tablet is thumbnail-sized, smells like a cross between dried alfalfa and tea, and contains 800 milligrams of guarana.

Zoom has become quite an active fad in California for the past six months, according to state food and drug specialist Steve Lefkowitz in Los Angeles. "People didn't really know what it was. There was a lot of word-of-mouth advertising. People were taking it like they'd take bennies [amphetamines] to get a high. We looked at it and decided it wasn't a health-significant risk. Any high people were getting from the stuff was purely psychological."

The federal Food and Drug Administration in Washington also investigated a number of guarana products marketed under a variety of names, but made no move to take them off the market. C.E. Jamieson & Co. (Dominion) Ltd. of Windsor, Ontario, markets a product similar to Zoom with an uncannily similar name—Zing. A spokesman says Zing contains about four-per-cent caffeine, although neither Zoom nor Zing labels mentions it as an ingredient.




HENRY KALEN

Weinstein and Zoom supply 'wakes you up'

"It's touted as a plant natives use to increase concentration. I think they should list caffeine on the label," says Paul Smith of Baldwin Natural Foods in Toronto. He says he used Zoom on a drive to New England "and you don't get rattly and shaky like you do from drinking that much coffee."

Back at Alphian Herbs in Winnipeg, manager Weinstein says Zoom is "no more than what it claims to be—an appetite depressant and a pep-up pill." He says that about 30 minutes after downing four or five tablets, "it makes you feel good, it kind of wakes you up. But there is no sense of being on a drug high, and no downer afterwards." The Amazon connection is sought not by drug freaks, he insists, but by health food aficionados. Yet he admits rumors on the drug scene partly explain why demand is so high and why he now keeps only a few bottles in the store at a time. Last week Winnipeg police, finding no trace of the vanishing Zoom, put the shopbreaking down to juveniles.

**Bob Cheshire**

## Correction

In an article on the British Columbia government's Brannan Lake heroin treatment centre (Jan. 21), a *Maclean's* editing error resulted in publication of incorrect figures. The story should have said that there were 116 staff and 44 patients.

## The Yukon

# A taste of smog on the rocks

Yukoners were breathing—and seeing—easier last week, well knowing that any day it might descend on them again: ice fog. There had been a couple of bad days (see photo) the week before, when ice fog also blanketed parts of neighboring Alaska for five days in a row. A dirty thick fog, a noxious mixture of frozen water vapor and combustion particles spewed from car exhausts and furnaces, it is densest in still air, at temperatures below −35°C, and when a thermal inversion traps it close to the ground. But it can hang in the air for days, reduce visibility to half a block or less, force motorists to drive with lights on even at sub-Arctic noon, and make it hard for anyone with respiratory troubles to breathe.

Urban ice fog is a curse mechanized man takes with him to the wilderness. Instant pollution. A single taxiing bush plane can fog in a small airfield for hours—although jets don't seem to be a bother. And scientists now suspect the fast-frozen smog of being more than a travel hazard. Adding to the gloom of the short northern winter days (the sun rises at 10 a.m. in Whitehorse this week and sets at 4:30 p.m.) which tend to induce a depression called cabin fever, ice fog has recorded concentrations of carbon monoxide (CO) sufficient to concern northern authorities.

Says Tim Tilsworth of the University of Alaska in Fairbanks, where winter CO counts are among the highest in the U.S.: "We don't know what happens to children over the years at low CO levels, but we're concerned about the very young, the old, the sick and anybody with respiratory problems. And we suspect the ice fog crystal carries lead."

The Yukon office of Canada's Environmental Protection Service is considering establishing a carbon monoxide index for the city which would make possible the issuing of ice fog warnings, much like the smog index broadcast in heavily industrialized cities in the south. The EPS people point out that Whitehorse's average CO concentration is low (regularly less than Toronto's, for instance) and that there are usually only two or three days of ice fog in December, up to a week or more in January. However, Whitehorse seems on its way to becoming a pipeline boomtown to rival Fairbanks with its climbing CO counts, and weather forecasters like Don Green of Whitehorse think ice fog is becoming more prevalent. "We've noticed it doesn't need to get so cold to produce ice fog as it used to."

The freakish ice fogs have added to the colorful legends of the North—tales of snowmobilers losing themselves in their own fogbanks, and people who live in hillside homes boasting of mornings when they look out the window and there is no town below. "Ice fog is something to brag about when you're outside, like how much we drink and how cold it is up here," said ex-Yukoner Jack Davies, when he returned to Whitehorse for a visit last week. "Of course, it's not so great when you're here."

**Michael MacLeod**



M. MACLEOD



M. MACLEOD

Downtown Whitehorse during an ice fog; air testers Doug Kittle and Graeme Bethell: a bush plane can fog in a small airfield

P.E.I.

# The Anne with the blue guitar

Since 1965, the most popular tourist attraction in Prince Edward Island has been that carrot-topped symbol of everything that is wholesome and good in the Atlantic provinces—Anne of Green Gables. But now the Charlottetown Festival's longest running hit, which each summer attracts 30,000 visitors, is being challenged by his rum-running profits into one of the island's more successful nightclubs. "When everyone else went disco, I stayed with live country entertainment. And although I don't take no nonsense, I know what the people like," says Reid, who claims personal friendship with such major country performers as Glen Campbell and Anne Murray. "My festival would attract stars that Maritimers would otherwise never get to see here. Besides, our event is a step forward for the island's tourist industry. It will attract young people who are going to be the tourists of tomorrow, most of them as most tourists will be able to travel in the years ahead."



GORD JOHNSTON

Reid: hotrods, fines and jail terms

the lonesome wail of steel guitars and foot-stomping banjo pickers. Johnny Reid, 53, who was popular himself during a brief but lucrative career as a Charlottetown bootlegger, has plans to assemble 15,000 people for a three-day country-and-folk-music bash in July. All Reid needs now is a suitable site to hold the festival.

Despite taking an option on 110 acres in Oyster Bed Bridge near the heart of P.E.I.'s tourist flow, and investing $10,000 for architectural drawings and legal fees, plus adhering strictly to the province's rules and regulations, Reid's application for a licence to hold the festival was turned down. "You can't trust the government," says the undaunted Reid, who boasts that he was wily enough in his bootlegging days to stash the booze in empty crypts. He parlayed from the Maritime region—about as far the infamous Public Gatherings Act which provided for "the prohibition of certain public gatherings" and called for fines and jail terms for organizers of events deemed to be objectionable. The proposed rock concert was cancelled but public outcry over the loss of civil rights embarrassed the government into repealing the act in 1972. The province got the last word, however, by substituting "ministerial discretion" for its former ambiguous legislation and it was ministerial discretion that cost Reid his entertainment permit.

"But not to worry," says Reid. "The publicity I got over the fiasco resulted in no less than a dozen offers of land around the province." The province, so far, has been vague about whether it would block another licence application by Reid, who says. "I've taken governments to court before and won. I can do it again, and besides, if they want to fight me all the way, I have a nice spot picked out on the New Brunswick side of the ferry. I'll get the tourists before they even come to the island."

**John Ramsey**

New Brunswick

# The cranes are flying

Advised as he approached his 65th birthday that company policy required him to retire, Charles Little, a bridge crane operator with Saint John Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co. Ltd., did not go gentle into the easy life—particularly since everybody seemed to agree that he was still fit and able to do the job he had held for 35 years. First, Little persuaded the company to keep him on an extra month and then, finally forced to leave on Dec. 23, 1977, he carried his case to the New Brunswick Human Rights Commission.

It took two years to resolve the issue, but last week, in an emphatic reaffirmation of the province's Human Rights Code, an inquiry established by the provincial labor minister recommended—and the commission promptly ordered—that the dry-dock company rehire Little, compensate him for lost income and end its policy of mandatory retirement for employees who reach 65.

The case is the first in Canada involving a person over 65. (Similar hearings in Ontario, for example, have involved firemen forced to retire at 60.) It occurred in New Brunswick because the province is one of only two (the other is Manitoba) that have no upper limits on the age provisions of their anti-discrimination human rights codes, defining age as 19 years "and over." New Brunswick Human Rights Commission Chairman Noel Kinsella hailed the decision as a "tremendous victory for man" and predicted it would "speed up the process which has been going on for some time in this country for personal-choice retirement."

University of New Brunswick law professor Brian Bruce, who conducted the one-man inquiry, found that neither of two exemptions from the age provisions of the rights code applied in Little's case: he was not bound by the terms of any company retirement, insurance or pension plan (indeed, as an unpensioned worker, his retirement send-off consisted of company and union gifts of $100 each and $700 from co-workers), nor could he be disqualified because of any specified age limit for crane operators. Bruce therefore recommended that the company either hire Little back in his old job or, should he fail medical tests, find him a new one. In making up Little's lost wages, the company will be able to subtract his earnings as a member of the Canadian Corps of Commissionaires since March, 1978, but the windfall will still total about $30,000.

Among those interested in the New Brunswick result was 79-year-old Senator David Croll, whose special Senate committee on retirement policies last November recommended abolishing mandatory retirement based on age. "This is a landmark decision. It will blaze across the country. We've found that 50 per cent of those who reach 65 want to continue working. And the country needs them because these are skilled people."

**David Folster**



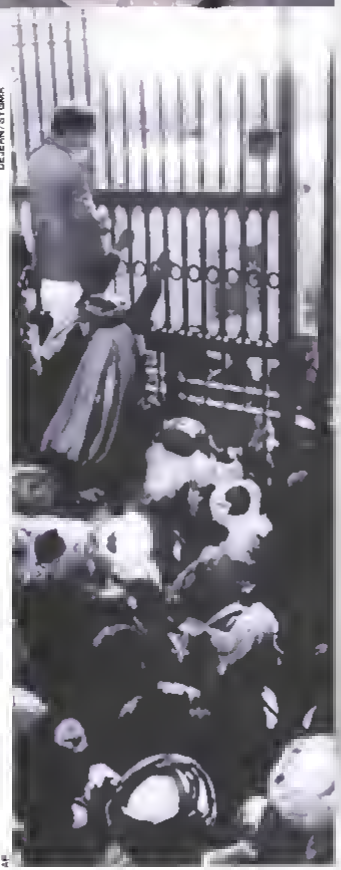
TELEGRAPH-JOURNAL

Little with his wife at the dry dock: 'tremendous victory,' $30,000 windfall






BORREL/BLACK STAR



DEJEAN/SYGMA

# The ugly mood of Moscow's troops

*As President Jimmy Carter prepared to underscore American foreign policy changes after the events in Afghanistan in his State of the Union address this week, the fate of the Moscow Olympics seemed increasingly in doubt (see box page 28). In Afghanistan, meanwhile, American journalists were expelled for what the Soviet news agency, TASS, speaking apparently for the government of Babrak Karmal, with accidental irony termed "gross interference with a sovereign state." Patience was wearing thin on both sides, as shown in this exclusive* Maclean's *report from Kabul.*

By Peter Niesewand

The mood of the Soviet troops in Afghanistan is swiftly turning ugly. Two weeks ago, they greeted Western journalists cheerfully and showed them T-62 tanks which had been paradropped during the year-end invasion, when Moscow installed its own nominee, Babrak Karmal, as president. Today, they fire machine-gun bullets at the feet, or over the heads, of newsmen, or force them to stand in the snow for hours during interrogation about their movements. They seize television film when they can, and now even prevent cameramen from taking shots of the notorious Pol E Charkhi prison on the outskirts of Kabul, from which more than 2,000 political prisoners have been released by the Karmal regime.

The second stage of the invasion seems about to end—in failure. It was a public relations attempt to persuade the Western media that the Soviets had not really taken over, but that the bloody regime of Hafizullah Amin had merely been supplanted by a popular, independent-minded Afghan administration, with just a little temporary comradely help from the socialist neighbor.*

The facade is easily dismantled. Kabul is built on a flat plain surrounded by snow-covered mountains. You have to look hard to see a Soviet soldier. But they are there: a cast of thousands out of sight. I needed an exit visa and got caught up in the Afghan bureaucracy. By mistake, someone sent me to the ministry of the interior.

From the outside, everything seems normal. Afghan soldiers guard the gates and the building itself is set back from the road. But just inside the foyer, the scene changes. Armed Soviet soldiers are everywhere—on duty at the entrance, walking in their scores out of

**Soviet tank outside Kabul (top left); an Afghan inspecting rifle in Pakistan shop; and prisoners rioting after hundreds of others were released skinned alive**


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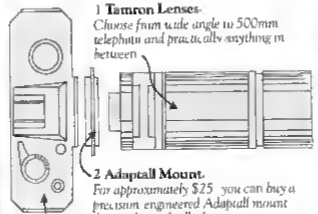
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**Soviet troops (top), and Islamic rebels thanking Allah for the capture of a tank without losing a man a facade diamantled**

offices and along corridors, going about their daily business.

These Soviet troops are not the high-cheekboned Mongol types who might be mistaken for Afghans were they in other uniforms. They are stocky, fair-haired European Russians who, in their off-duty hours, would not be able to walk alone on the streets of the capital in safety. Afghans hate them, as they have hated all invaders, including the British. *"Khal!"* they hiss if they mistake you for a Russian. It means "donkey," and it's not an epithet to be disregarded. The people here have a habit of skinning alive captured Soviet invaders and, failing that, they might shoot or knife you before discovering your nationality. Fifteen Soviets are reported to have been murdered in Kabul since the invasion so far. Out in the country a British woman saved her life by screaming "BBC! BBC!" when tribesmen were about to cut her throat.

If they think you're from the BBC, you're a hero, although not to Babrak Karmal. At his first press conference with Western journalists, he called the British network "the most famous propagandist liar in the world." Karmal himself, however, is low in his country's popularity stakes. "He has sold us to the Russians," an Afghan man told me angrily before walking quickly on. Pol E Charkhi prison may have lost a couple of thousand of Amin's political prisoners, but it is generally believed it will soon fill up with Karmal's. The people talk briefly, afraid of spies.

The growing sullenness of Soviet troops may be due in part to the realization that they are among a brutal and warlike people who hate them with religious fervor. In one area, on the main road north from Kabul to the Soviet Union, it has now reached the point where Soviet soldiers have begun looting the cars of Afghans who are stopped at their checkpoints.

A group of 10 Soviet soldiers from the 16th Motorized Rifles—one of the five divisions that invaded Afghanistan at the end of December—forced my taxi to halt near the entrance to the Salang Pass. The three of us—two other Western journalists were travelling with me—first thought the Soviets were carrying out a routine search for arms. The Salang Pass is a particularly dangerous area. Rising in the Hindu Kush to 10,000 feet, it is the principal supply lifeline for the 85,000 Soviet combat troops now in Afghanistan.

Moslem rebels are active in the region. Three bridges are understood to have been blown up there. A huge convoy of about 200 supply vehicles was trapped in the pass at the end of last week until a military bridge could be erected to allow them to cross a river. Guerrillas also regularly open fire on passing vehicles from the commanding heights of snow, ice and rock.

But it turned out that arms were not uppermost on our soldiers' minds. They body-searched us on the roadside and then, as we waited in the sub-zero temperatures, they began going through the car. First they turned up two maps of Afghanistan which a colleague and I had bought at our Kabul hotel. Other journalists had warned us to expect to lose these. Soviet maps of Afghanistan are said to be of inferior quality but one of the Soviets' first acts was to order 4,000 maps from a local cartographer and, sure enough, the leader of the squad, a tall, burly, grim-faced man in a greatcoat and boots, with a Red Star on his cap, appropriated them.

**The way Soviets tell it. Chinese, U.S. and Pakistani agents have been training the Afghan guerrillas. In support of this claim, Ambassador Oleg Troyanovsky cited Maclean's (April 30, 1979) in defending his country before the United Nations General Assembly on Jan. 11. Peter Newcomb, in an article about the effects of the outlawing of opium in Pakistan under General Zia ul Haq's Islamic state, mentioned that U.S. Food and Drug Administration officials had happened across some Chinese whom they at first mistook for drug traffickers but who turned out to be Chinese instructors helping to train and equip Afghan rebels inside Pakistan.*

*While acknowledging Ambassador Troyanovsky a tribute to the depth of its foreign reporting, Maclean's does not accept that the presence of some Chinese instructors among the Afghan rebels in any way justifies a Soviet invasion designed to suppress a popular rebellion which otherwise would have ousted a Soviet-imposed government.*

We showed him our official Afghan press accreditation cards signed by the chief of security, the minister of information and culture, and the president of publications. These "earnestly request all civil and security authorities of the country to give every possible aid to the holder of this card." The soldier appeared unimpressed. But he left alone our other belongings—including a camera and a tape recorder.

The Afghan driver did not fare as well. The soldiers took from him three tape cassettes of Afghan music and, from the glove compartment of the car, which they made him unlock, they stole 2,870 afghanis ($78). Then, with brusque gesticulations, they ordered us to turn the car around and get out. As the driver stood silently, we argued with the soldiers, demanding the return of our goods. But they were clearly in no mood to be challenged. Also, another convoy of Afghans was approaching, with a considerable amount of baggage in the back, and the troops were in a hurry to have at them. As we drove away, we could see them beginning to sort through the belongings.

Our driver cursed the Soviets violently for much of the return journey to Kabul. He was obviously shaken and refused to venture along any other roads. "Do not speak of this back at the hotel," he implored. "There are many spies there. Do not tell them which taxi it was or they will want to know why I took you to the Salang Pass."

The Soviet looters had judged him well. Whereas we Westerners might complain officially if they were too greedy with our belongings, an Afghan would feel powerless. And for all the hatred that burned inside the driver—"f------ Russians," he swore as we passed the tanks and large military encampments of the Soviet army along the road, "f------ Russians"—in the end fear would silence him.

The Soviets chose the right time for their invasion of Afghanistan. Snow and ice blanket much of the country. The mountaintops, which for eight months of the year are occupied by Moslem rebels, have mostly been vacated for the winter. The war between rebels and the Soviet-backed regime is at low ebb. This is reflected both in intelligence reports




Pakistan, a stepped-up U.S. naval presence in the Indian Ocean and a loose alliance of countries in the region. But no U.S. forces would be based there.

So much for defence. To put pressure on the Soviet Union, Carter was also to propose sharp curtailment of economic, cultural and diplomatic relations with the Soviets. Under serious consideration: a boycott of the Moscow Olympics if Soviet troops remained in Afghanistan.

The difficulty with such a multilateral strategy was that it required co-operation from allies and neutrals something the Truman Doctrine was able to do without. While the U.S. did win an overwhelming vote against the Soviet Union in the General Assembly last week, it was encountering resistance on other diplomatic fronts in Brussels, at a meeting of the NATO allies including Canada. American proposals for cutbacks in the trade of high-technology goods to the Soviet Union received only lukewarm support. And the suggested Olympic boycott was snubbed in favor of a proposal by Canada, among others, that the Games be shifted to some other city.

There were major difficulties, too, with Carter's plans to beef up Pakistan's defences. Newly elected Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, while criticizing the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, said that India would match any rearmament by her country's arch foe. And a U.S. envoy to Japan last week was only partially successful in winning support for U.S. countermeasures. In addition, Brazil and Argentina, two American allies, refused to join the embargo on grain sales.

Such mixed results begged the question: how would American allies and neutral countries react later this year when the Soviet Union began its expected "peace offensive" to win the world's forgiveness? Brzezinski predicted that such a campaign would fail. Others were less optimistic.

In the flurry, Iran's expulsion of American journalists was almost overlooked—although it removed live coverage of that crisis from many of the world's TV screens. Many networks, including Canada's, which had been relying on American footage, found themselves scrambling to get their own crews back into Tehran.

The U.S. was hustling, too, in the wake of a Soviet veto of an economic boycott of Iran in the Security Council to organize private enterprise action among its allies. But here again there was resistance and U.S. officials were left to hope that the plight of the 50 hostages would ease as Iran turned its attention to Afghanistan.

There were signs that this might be happening last week as Iranian Finance Minister Abolhassan Bani-Sadr lashed out at the Soviets. They want us to be divided rather than united so that they can capture the divided parts, as they did with Afghanistan.

**Ian Urquhart**

**Soviet U.N. Ambassador Oleg Troyanovsky (left) vetoing an economic boycott**

## Jimmy muscles into the 1980s

After a medical checkup (he's healthy), U.S. President Jimmy Carter left Washington at the weekend for Camp David to work on a speech that could lift him from a footnote to a chapter in history. His intention was to set out American foreign policy for the 1980s, in his annual State of the Union address to Congress on Wednesday, shifting from a reactive to an assertive stance in the process. Among the options he was considering in formulating a strategy for containing the Soviet Union: less emphasis on human rights, arms control and restraint of the CIA, and greater support for right-wing dictators and escalated spending on arms. Even before the speech was delivered, the press, encouraged by Zbigniew Brzezinski, the president's national security adviser, was billing it as Carter's version of the Truman Doctrine.

President Harry Truman pronounced his anti-Soviet doctrine in 1947 in response to Moscow's pressure on Greece and Turkey, pressure that Brzezinski has compared to that on Iran and Pakistan following the invasion of Afghanistan. But there was a major difference between Truman's Doctrine and Carter's. Truman, in effect, pledged American protection for anyone threatened by Soviet aggression and carried out his promise three years later in Korea. But Americans are unlikely to follow a president down that road right now, and Carter did not plan to ask them to.

Instead, he was likely to suggest a joint defence of the Near East that would involve NATO and other American allies as well as countries in the threatened region. This framework for Regional Co-operation would include $400 million in military aid to



NOGUES/SYGMA AP

**Tito with Fidel Castro in Havana: cause for alarm about the intentions of Moscow**

## Yugoslavia

# The Old Man's toughest war

By Peter Lewis and Michael Dobbs

Rarely had a sickbed been watched so attentively. As doctors in Yugoslavia prepared ailing Marshal Josip Broz Tito for his second operation, last weekend, the world fretted that the 87-year-old Yugoslav president's severe illness, so soon after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan—"it could hardly come at a worse moment for everyone," groaned an aide to West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt—might trigger a crisis far more dangerous to world peace than the rumble of Soviet arms in Asia.

Anxiety was particularly strong in Western Europe. Officials in London, Bonn and Brussels, scanning the daily bulletins on the health of the man who had defied first Hitler, then the Soviet Union, expressed undisguised alarm that Tito's demise could tempt Moscow to try in one way or another to bring his country back into the fold. At the least, it was feared, the fragile patchwork of peoples that constituted Yugoslavia would be severely strained, igniting tension in the Balkans, the historical powder keg of Europe.

The panic was most visible at NATO headquarters in Brussels, where intelligence officers in midweek leaked reports to newsmen of troop buildups in neighboring Hungary and Bulgaria, only to backtrack when Washington denied that any unusual military movements had taken place on Yugoslavia's borders. (The intelligence men later talked of "ordinary manoeuvres by the Hungarian army in the region of Pecs.")

As Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher announced in London that Britain would back Yugoslavia's independence, and dispatched five warships to the Mediterranean—ostensibly to relieve American warships heading for the Persian Gulf—NATO planners revealed to *Maclean's* that the West's first contingency move in the event of a Soviet or East Bloc incursion would be to "seal off" the Adriatic from Trieste to Albania.

Another Atlantic Alliance military expert took a longer-term view, however. "We do not expect the Soviets to march on Belgrade for the present, if only because of the world outcry over Afghanistan and the divisive effect an invasion would have on their Warsaw Pact partners," he said. "The crunch could come six months or a year after Tito's death, if Yugoslavia starts to fall apart or gets drawn into quarrels with

its Communist neighbors in the Balkans." (Yugoslavia and Bulgaria have long had an axe to grind over Macedonia, while Hungary has complained often to Belgrade about treatment of a Hungarian minority living in northern Yugoslavia.)

Other military circles, too, admitted that the immediate threat might have been exaggerated because of a gut reaction to Afghanistan. In fact, NATO's tendency to link the Afghan emergency to European security alarmed political leaders. Schmidt last week let it be known he was angry with NATO Commander General Bernard Rogers for creating "unnecessary nervousness" by lumping Afghanistan and Europe together at a press conference. (Rogers said that Afghanistan had driven home the message that the Atlantic Alliance needed to be prepared to act outside its members' borders, a theme which President Jimmy Carter was playing with in preparing for his State of the Union message. See page 28.)

Fears for Yugoslavia also prompted the European Community to announce moves to build stronger economic ties with Belgrade. Yugoslavia has a $3-billion annual trade deficit with the EC, an enormous figure for an economy of its size, but peanuts compared to the political price of watching the country lose its independence.

Meanwhile in Ljubljana, the capital of Slovenia, only a few miles from his old country hideaway on Lake Bled, the man known universally to Yugoslavs as "Stari" (The Old Man) was fighting the toughest war of his life. Yugoslav sources spread the word that the president had resisted medical advice from his doctors for the amputation of his left leg. He wanted to be remembered, it was said, as a man of action and vitality—not as a chronic invalid.*

While Tito battled on, machinery prepared by him for his succession slipped swiftly into gear. A collective leadership made up of representatives of Yugoslavia's many different nationalities met in emergency session and issued a call for national unity. The army was placed on a state of alert, mainly as a symbolic warning to the Kremlin.

As in the West, the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan—a founding member, like Yugoslavia, of the Non-Aligned Movement—was interpreted as an ominous sign of an aggressive new Soviet mood. Yugoslavs remain convinced that Moscow has never entirely given up hopes of regaining control over their country. In recently published memoirs, a former ambassador to Moscow cited three reasons why the Kremlin should wish to do so: it would make the Soviet Union a Mediterranean power, it would create a monolithic socialist bloc in Europe, and it would put an end to talk of "independence and equality between Communist countries, an idea first raised by the Yugoslavs."

The Soviet threat, however, was not the only one. There was a broad consensus on the need to continue Tito's policy of nonalignment abroad and his idiosyncratic, free-market brand of socialism at home. The problem was that Tito himself had been the linchpin of the system: without him, might not everything fall apart?

With that in mind many Yugoslavs recalled that Tito had spoken of the army's role in keeping the country together in the event of another major crisis—defending not just Yugoslavia's borders but its constitutional order as well. Also, during extensive tours around the country last year, he returned to one theme above all others. Speaking off the cuff and with obvious feeling, he urged Yugoslavs to maintain "brotherhood and unity" between their different nations. It was as though he sensed that the real threat in the future would come not from without—but from within. ✪

*Ironically, Tito's brother, Slavko Broz, survived for several years after having both legs amputated. He died, aged 75, in 1973.*

## Plans for the birth of a giant

The idea of linking Japan, Australia, New Zealand and the Southeast Asian countries with the United States and Canada in a giant economic community has caught the imagination of academics for a decade or more. But last week, following a two-day sojourn in Australia by Japan's Premier Masayoshi Ohira, the idea had come a great deal closer to political reality.

Ohira, accompanied by his foreign minister, Saburo Okita, had much to discuss with Australian Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser. Japan, Australia's major trading partner for a decade, was eager to buy Australian coal to fuel five planned coal-powered generation plants, and Australia wanted more Japanese investment to develop its abundant energy resources. There was also the pressing issue of Afghanistan. But a foreign affairs spokesman in Canberra said the Pacific common market proposals which Ohira and Okita brought with them figured high on the agenda.

The Australian government was not unprepared for what the Japanese had to say. Ohira had outlined his plans in a brief discussion with Fraser at a conference in Manila last May. As well, ministers and officials had studied a Japanese interim report, plus another drawn up by Canberra's own foreign affairs department, both of which drew favorable conclusions.



Ohira (left) and Fraser: a smoke screen?

Australia has been casting around for suitable partners since Britain joined the European Community (EC) in 1973. Late last year it took the initial step in the formation of an Anzac (Australia, New Zealand and South Pacific) grouping. As Deputy Prime Minister and Minister for Trade Doug Ias Anthony said then: "Trading blocs are the name of the game today."

It is not only Australia, however, that has shown interest in Ohira's Pacific initiative. The U.S. government has already done some homework on a possible grouping through a congressional subcommittee. Its report recommended the formation of an Organization for Pacific Trade and Development (OPTAD).

The Canadian government has it under consideration as well, and Prime Minister Joe Clark was to be one of the promoters of a conference called Pacifica '80 due to be held in Vancouver in February to focus Canadian interest in the region, but it was mothballed because of the election. In fact, an official close to the Ohira-Fraser talks said U.S. and Canadian membership in any community was seen in Canberra as essential to Australian participation.

Sheer size is probably the greatest obstacle to the formation of a Pacific community. (It would dwarf both the EC and the Soviet-sponsored COMECON.) But some developing nations in the Pacific are said to suspect that the proposals are just a smoke screen for the U.S. or Japan to achieve economic hegemony over the region. Another obstacle is membership. Should China be allowed to join now that it has opened its doors to Western trade? And what about the Soviet Union, which also has a Pacific border?

Ohira's desire to avoid involvement in such thorny problems is probably behind his wish that lower profile nations such as Australia and New Zealand now take up the momentum he has created. In Australia's Foreign Minister Andrew Peacock he may have found the man to do it. Referring to the Japanese interim report, an enthusiastic Peacock said recently: "The academic talk is over. We have now moved into serious discussions."

**Philip Grenard**

U.S.A.

# Settling Bert's accounts



UPI

Lance (left), his wife, LaBelle, and three sons arrive at court: common to banking?

Tightly holding his wife's hand, Georgia banker Bert Lance strode into court last week declaring: "I'm ready to go." He's facing more than 20 charges of conspiracy and shady financial dealings. If found guilty he could be fined more than $100,000 and spend many years in jail. But Lance and his three codefendants are not the only ones who may be hurt. His good friend and former boss, President Jimmy Carter, also is at risk.

When Lance was forced to resign as budget director in September, 1977, because of the allegations about his banking misdeeds, Carter proclaimed he was "proud of" him. But recently the president has been refusing comment—not surprisingly. The court proceedings in Atlanta are expected to last through February and March when key presidential primary votes will be held in New Hampshire, Florida, Illinois and seven other states. While Senator Edward Kennedy fights off new Chappaquiddick "findings" by the *Reader's Digest* and *The Washington Star* (they said the car was going faster and the tide slower), Carter will be dodging the Lance issue.

That is either very simple or extremely complex, depending on the side you're on. The prosecution says that Lance wove a web of fraudulent banking records and statements to secure approximately $20 million in loans. When he was president of the Calhoun First National Bank and later the National Bank of Georgia, for instance, the state says he transferred huge loans from his bank to another just before federal inspectors arrived, then transferred them back after the inspectors left. This made his financial situation seem more secure than it really was.

The indictment also charges that he obtained big loans for family members who had little or no credit rating. His wife, LaBelle, got $45,000. So did his son David, who was only 19 at the time. All in all, the justice department says, Lance's wheeling and dealing lost institutions involved more than $500,000.

To make the charges stick the prosecution will have to prove "intent." Throughout the indictment are scattered the words "wilfully," "knowingly," "with intent to injure and defraud." The defence is contending the exact opposite. Lance's high-powered attorneys say that he may have made mistakes but that his banking practices are common in the profession and, in fact, something everyone does on a smaller scale. Defence attorneys last week asked prospective jurors whether they had ever borrowed money to pay off debts by loan consolidation, whether they ever borrowed money from one company to pay off another, whether they ever filled out financial statements, and whether they had ever bounced a cheque.

Since his indictment last spring, Lance has had to shift some of his loans out of the country and has apparently found a sympathetic lender in the Arab-controlled Bank of Credit and Commerce International, based in Britain, which gave him $3.6 million to pay off a U.S. loan. Lance has also sold much of his National Bank of Georgia stock to Saudi Arabian financier Ghaith Pharaon for about $3 million.

He has kept quiet about these recent deals, possibly to avoid embarrassing Carter. But he will need quite a lot of money to cover his legal costs and there is no evidence that the Lance family is retrenching. They still keep a big house in Calhoun, Georgia, a farm just outside town, the white columned mansion known as "Butterfly Manna" near Atlanta and a beach house at chic Sea Island on the Georgia coast.

**Catherine Fox**

When First World War flying ace **Billy Bishop** died in 1956, one of the most glowing epitaphs to reach print was written by Montreal *Gazette* publisher **John Bassett**. "He had that courage which Napoleon once said was the rarest—the courage of the early morning," wrote Bassett. **W. Arthur Bishop**, the fighter pilot's son, liked the Bassett/Napoleon way of turning a phrase and he called his 1965 biography of his father *The Courage of the Early Morning*. Now **Douglas Bassett**, 39, a grandson of John, is getting into the Bishop act and the result will be a film biography which should begin production this spring. Bishop, 56, will serve as a technical consultant on the film and Bassett the younger is hoping to cast him in a cameo role. "Fair enough," says Bishop, "as long as I don't have to fly any First World War aircraft."

**Paul McCartney** whistled while customs inspectors at Tokyo International Airport searched him and his luggage last week after Interpol tipped them off about the former **Beatle**'s previous drug arrests. It seems the whistling only served to antagonize the officials, who say they found almost eight ounces of marijuana, which could result in a seven-year jail term. Japanese experts are betting that McCartney will get off with deportation, but that still leaves promoters of his planned 11-concert tour about $400,000 out-of-pocket. Meanwhile, Tokyo radio stations are playing Beatles songs nonstop and the singer's record sales have been soaring.

"I want success only on my own terms," says swashbuckling, New Brunswick-born **Tom Gallant**, whose Renaissance media talents range from acting to broadcasting, composing, writing and singing. Gallant, 33, lives aboard a two-masted schooner off Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia, and regards appreciating the sea and sailing as "Zen art." Currently he is trying to raise money for a film based on a script about a worn-out musician who finds fame and fortune as a pseudo born-again Christian evangelist. However, if fame and fortune ever knock at Gallant's porthole he plans to head out to sea as "a full-time pirate."

Last month American novelist and pornographer **Henry Miller** celebrated his 88th birthday. While the author of *Tropic of Cancer* blew out his candles in California, his constant companion of five years, **Brende Venus**, was in Miller's beloved Paris, where the 31-year-old former Miss Universe had gone to seek out film-maker **François Truffaut** with an eye to cinemizing Miller's 1948 novel, *The Smile at the Foot of the Ladder*. "I am not his lover," Venus told the daily paper *Le Matin*. "I am everything for Henry and Henry is everything for me." Despite Miller's advancing years, Venus says he maintains a healthy regimen of writing and painting. "He's doing quite well," she advises. "He's just had to give up his favorite game, Ping-Pong, because of his paralysed leg, but he paints on the table." And what does Miller paint? "Naked women."



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

Bassett and Bishop: piloting an ace movie

Grass skirts still sway and leis still flay, but recently the tourist trade in Hawaii has suffered a 20-per-cent slump. Yet at least one hotel was oblivious to the empty-room syndrome. Over a 19-day holiday period the Sheraton-Waikiki chalked up $400,000 on one bill when Arab Sheik **Sham-Suddin al-Fassi** checked in with his 28-person entourage. The sheik is believed to have spent $1 million during his island stay and when he left he took along gold, silver and diamond souvenirs tucked into 505 suitcases.

Some people will do just about anything to get an autograph, as **Henry Kissinger** found recently during a vacation in the Bahamas. The pudgy power-broker was strolling along the beach one day when two adoring females popped out of the bushes without so much as a fig leaf on, but bearing copies of Kissinger's White House memoirs, which they hoped he would autograph. Kissinger signed—and returned to the same spot the next day. Lo and behold, a single naked woman repeated the scene and got his autograph. Back in Washington, Kissinger is getting a lot of cocktail party conversation out of his autographic adventures. One hostess asked him whether the women were totally nude. "Well, not really," intoned Kissinger. "One of them was wearing sunglasses."



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

Hegey: entertainment for swine breeders

It sounds like bad **Hanny Youngman**, but . . . 76-year-old **Lawrence Welk**, the polka band leader of champagne bubbles, has licence plates on his car that read A1-ANA-2. Never a slouch, Welk recently completed his best one-liner. The plate on the second car in his driveway reads, ANA-3.

Canadian publishing entrepreneur **Thomas Hegey** believes there is a "real market for humor in agriculture." Hagey, 27, has proved his thesis in the first two issues of *Playboar*, an entertainment magazine for swine breeders which features such plow-'em-in-the-snout items as a Litter Mate of the Month centrefold, Ham Landers' column and indepth reporting of the work of the Pork Addiction Research Foundation. Hagey's affection for pigs and understanding of what makes pig breeders snort comes naturally. "I was raised among pigs," says the farmer's son from Kitchener, Ontario. Hagey's initial venture has proved so successful that he is planning to expand into the cattle-, chicken- and horse-breeding markets. Potential titles include *Rawhide*, *Henhouse* and *Penthorse*.



SCHAPIRO/SYGMA, AD

Pickett: sensuality somehow repressed

In 1956 the directing-acting team of **Roger Vadim** and **Brigitte Bardot** shocked a virtuous world with a film called *And God Created Woman*, in which B.B. appeared naked. Twelve years later Vadim starred **Jane Fonda** as a sex symbol in the fur-and-leather fantasy *Barbarella*. In between marrying both Bardot and Fonda, Vadim also found time to liaise with **Catherine Deneuve**. Now the French film-maker has made a new "discovery," in the form of **Cindy Pickett**, who was a soap opera actress before Vadim decided to star her in his latest film, *Night Games*. Despite his reputation as the Don Juan of directors, Vadim, 52, is apparently keeping abreast of the changing image of women in films. "I chose Cindy because she was what people are going to be looking for in the 1980s," he says. "She has an intellectual approach and a very great sensuality that is somehow repressed."



Alvarado, Curry and Johnson: '80s sleaze

It took Montreal director **Allan Moyle** (*The Rubber Gun*) five months to find two streetwise and punky adolescent girls to star in his latest film, *Times Square*. Finally he chose veteran 12-year-old **Trini Alvarado** (*Rich Kids*) and **Robin Johnson**, 15, an unknown high-school student from Brooklyn. For the fall filming the pubescent pair willingly painted their faces and adopted "garbage-bag sleaze" attire to fit in to their unclean-cut roles as aspiring rock 'n' roll stars with a DJ mentor, played by **Tim Curry**. Initially, Moyle planned to make the film an independent production but when **Robert Stigwood** heard about the script he decided it had all of the makings of a *Saturday Night Fever* for the '80s and proceeded to provide a $5-million budget. Moyle is still reeling from his good fortune. "My facial hair's been falling out ever since."

Edited by Marsha Boulton



Sittler happy to be without his 'C'

TERRY HANCEY

Sports

# The falling Leaves

By Hal Quinn

*Our problem last year is Toronto's this year* —Danny Gare, Buffalo Sabres

The Ice Follies moved into Maple Leaf Gardens last week and the on-and-off-the-ice follies of the Toronto Maple Leafs mercifully had to hit the road. Synonymous with *Hockey Night in Canada* and source of legends and heroes since the first days when Conn Smythe parlayed bets to buy the franchise in 1927, the team had become, in the parlance of players and opponents, a "zoo" a month short of the halfway mark of the season. Its captain had resigned, his buddy and winger was traded, as were others, its goalie was playing out his option, everyone was on the trading block, a 41-year-old defenceman had been resurrected, a promising young one traded, the team was playing without a system, members united only in their contempt for management and their desire to play elsewhere.

In the hockey media capital of the world, the players, owner and manager were staging a tragicomic soap opera rivalling the New York Yankees for daily headline innuendoes, rumors and complaints (the difference being that the Yankees win while feuding). The bitching had even spilled over into the sports media when a *Globe and Mail* columnist awarded a *Toronto Star* writer with a prize for "cowardly sportswriting" and radio and TV sportscasters took on-air potshots at their print colleagues. Respite from Afghanistan, Iran and the price of gold couldn't be found in Toronto's sports pages.

Last season Leaf owner Harold Ballard fired his coach, Roger Neilson, *on TV* during a loss at Montreal, only to rehire him days later. The prelude to this season may have started there. At the end of the season, Ballard made it clear he was shopping for a coach. Neilson joined Scotty Bowman, who had left Montreal, in Buffalo. The list of candidates was daily trumpeted in the media but all declined until finally Leaf coach and general manager of the 1960s, Punch Imlach, signed as general manager and Floyd Smith as coach. Both had been dumped by Buffalo.

Before the season began, the National Hockey League's Player Association (NHLPA) and NHL-sanctioned TV gambit *Showdown* was set to be videotaped. It proved to be the first showdown of the current series between the Leaf management and its players. Captain Darryl Sittler and goalie Mike Palmateer were to take part. Ballard sought a court injunction to block them and contradict a league vote of 20-1 (guess who?) in favor of the show. A judge refused to grant the injunction, league president John Ziegler fined Ballard $10,000 for breaking an NHLPA-NHL agreement; Sittler and the players considered Ballard's move an insult and challenge of Sittler's captaincy and leadership. (Ballard has refused to pay the fine. The money will be deducted from the Leafs' share of receipts from the recent tour of Soviet teams.)

Imlach, the former army drill sergeant, made it known that changes would be made. "The *Showdown* thing got it started," says Alan Eagleson, executive director of the NHLPA and Sittler's agent. "The players had a Ping-Pong table in the clubhouse. That was removed without any discussion. A couple of players lived north of Toronto and had called home after games. The private phone was removed and replaced by one that had to go through an operator. They were niggly little things and they irritated the players." Amid trumpets that the days of the "country-club" atmosphere were over, a player was fined $250 for going to Imlach's office while not wearing a tie and the club announced its right to fine or suspend any player that management deemed had done something detrimental to the club. "That's a pretty broad scope," says Eagleson. "Imlach doesn't accept that the players have rights that all the other general managers have accepted. He has to realize that players' rights are crucial to the future of hockey and that the 1960s were 20 years ago."

As the losses piled up, the situation blew up (fittingly) at a press conference. The media were posed to ink and broadcast a suspected trade for Palmateer. Instead, Ballard was prepared to announce an exhibition game, for charity, against the Canadian Olympic team. Sittler and Eagleson intercepted him, saying that neither Sittler nor the players had been consulted. Sittler contended that the scheduling of the game would mean four games in five nights for the team and, since the two teams had already played in preseason (Leafs lost), he proposed that the Leafs and the Olympians trade goalies to take the competitive pressure out of it. He also suggested that in return for playing the Olympians the Leafs get a chance to play the Soviets next season. Ballard agreed to the deal at the press conference saying, "They have a gun to my head, but I'll accept it." The next night, the Leafs lost 10-0 to Boston and Ballard promptly reneged on the deal.

As the team floundered toward




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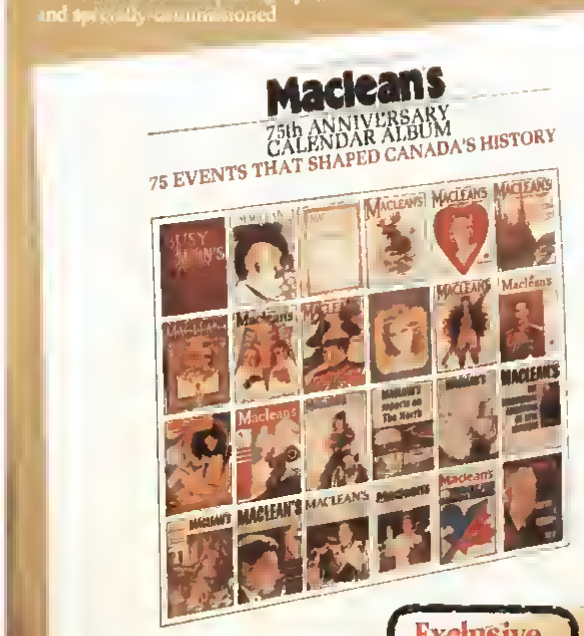
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Christmas, it was presented with the news that a star of Imlach's first Leaf reign, the now-bald 41-year-old defenceman Carl Brewer (listed in the program for a March 23 NHL Oldtimers game) was being resurrected. Many Leafs considered that as management's



FENNY HANDLEY

Smith and Leafs: 'disgruntled, disorganized'

way of getting a pipeline to the dressing room. But the real present was a trade. Coach Smith was shocked when told by a reporter that the team's second and the league's 15th leading scorer of last year, Lanny McDonald, and promising young defenceman Joel Quenneville, the Leafs' first draft choice of 1978, had been traded to Colorado. The next day, in the dressing room before the game, Sittler cut the captain's "C" from his sweater. "I can no longer be a hypocrite," he told his teammates. "My idea and management's idea of being a captain are nowhere near the same."

Happily in Denver, McDonald said, "I'm one of the fortunate ones. Feel sorry for the guys staying behind on a disappointed, disorganized, disgruntled hockey team. The situation in Toronto boils down to Imlach against the world."

The Leafs' world took another tumble shortly after the McDonald trade. The NHL has an agreement with all hockey federations to pay $25,000 for a player joining an NHL club and another $25,000 after the player has played 40 NHL games. The Leafs signed Czech goalie Jiri Crha this season and paid the Czech federation the first $25,000. It has since been loudly proclaimed that the Leafs won't pay another $25,000. Hence when Palmateer was "injured" playing out his option, and Paul Harrison caught the flu, the Leafs, unwilling to pay for Crha's play, were without a backup goalie. Imlach announced that another star from his previous reign, now scout and at least 55-year-old Johnny Bower, would dress as a backup goalie. It was also announced that if Bower dressed, he would get ice time. Harrison mercifully recovered. The ideological irony of the charade is that the Czech federation has yet to collect any such payments, not wanting it thought that there is a price on leaving Czechoslovakia.

The episode was followed by the trading of defenceman Dave Hutchison to Chicago and the player a moved to media centre stage again. A few Leafs joined "Hutch" at a Toronto pub to celebrate his escape. The players unloaded verbal and real darts at Imlach, whose picture graced the pub's dart board. The players' identities (save Hutchison's) were not disclosed in the media. Though the bartender did not return to work the next day and left town shortly afterward, Imlach stated, "Of course I know who was there, of course I know who said what, and, of course I don't forget."

And so last week the Leafs hit the road for seven games. A veteran player voiced the sentiment of many by saying, "It'd be a miracle if we win one of these games." Unburdened of his "C," Sittler scored three goals in the first game and first loss of the trip as rumors swirled about a trade for Sittler with Minnesota, Chicago or Los Angeles. (Sittler has a seven-year, no-trade contract. As Imlach talks trade with other general managers, a figure of $500,000 is repeated as Sittler's price to waive a trade refusal clause in his contract. "There is *no such clause*," says Eagleson. "Imlach asked my assistant what the price would be to buy out the clause. He told him $500,000. I told Imlach $1 million but said Darryl's price is probably $2 million. The joke is there's nothing to buy or sell.") Eagleson says that he and Sittler are not prepared to make a settlement to end the "no-trade" contract, because "Imlach would bury (trade) him in Washington." If the Leafs trade Sittler, the trade is void and he becomes a free agent and the Leafs will not be compensated. "Anyway, the only places other than Toronto Darryl would play are Philadelphia, Minnesota, Montreal or Buffalo," says Eagleson. And so it goes.

Just before the Leafs' road show began, former Leaf McDonald flew into town to be with his wife as she gave birth. He visited his old teammates, passed out cigars and a few shots at the Leaf management. All three Toronto papers ran pictures of the *former Leaf*, his wife and their new daughter—*on the front page*. Tune in next week.

## Racing down the mountain to the top

Before the World Cup downhill ski season began Canada's Ken Read was lauded as one of the best the Canadian team the best. But at the first race at Val d'Isère, France, Read and most of his teammates fail. The wrong wax slowed the team at Val Gardena, Italy, and rain washed out a win by Steve Podborski and a third by Read at Schladming, Austria. Read was 14th at Pra Loup, France, but he said, "I loosened up and went back to the devil-may-care, flat-out attitude... the trade mark of the Canadian Kamikazes."

The team had again been dubbed the "Training Champions of the World" for their all-out pre-race trial times, but at the Hahnenkamm course (considered one of the toughest on the tour) at Kitzbühel, Austria, Read flashed down first—on race day. Then last Friday, just six days later, on the demanding Lauberhorn course at Wengen, Switzerland, Read fell on the final section to win again and set a course record time of two minutes, 31.31 seconds. It was Read's fifth cup win, while Podborski finished eighth. "He's won the two biggest downhill races in the world," Canadian coach John Ritchie shouted. "A couple of years ago it would have been considered a miracle for a Canadian to come here and do what Kenny's done. It's just phenomenal."

Read's double set the stage for Saturday's race on the same course. If two in a row was phenomenal, three would be truly miraculous. Incredibly enough, Read finished the 4,290-metre run *2/100* of a second, a traction of blink, behind the winner Podborski was right behind him. With eyes set on Olympic gold, Read was on top of the world.

Read: 'flat out' and looking for gold





COOPER, TORONTO STAR



CHRIS CHRISTIANSEN

Conrad Black, Bovey (above): sheer power

**Business**

# Moving off the back burner

It is indicative of the extent to which the corporate take-over has become accepted practice within the current Canadian economic cycle that last week's $288-million bid for a major chunk of Norcen Energy Resources Limited raised scarcely an eyebrow. Those tracking the fortunes of Norcen—one of the few remaining Canadian oil and gas companies not already gobbled up by larger financial interests—had been saying for months that it was "just a matter of time." Equally, those watching the moves of the Hollinger Argus conglomerate—the diversified holding company giant controlled by brothers Conrad and Montagu Black which last week, through subsidiary Labrador Mining & Exploration Co. Ltd. announced its plan to buy up a commanding 40-per-cent hold on Norcen—have been expecting this move, or one like it, for more than a year.

It's certainly no secret that the Black group (whose Argus stable includes controlling interest in such eclectic concerns as Dominion Stores Limited, Massey-Ferguson Limited, Standard Broadcasting Corporation Limited and Labrador Mining) has long been seeking to round out its holdings by acquiring an interest in oil and gas, the magical element perceived by many large corporate investors as the huge income earner of tomorrow. Less than a year ago, Argus came within a hair of acquiring a strong toehold in Calgary-based Bow Valley Industries Ltd., another independent Canadian oil and gas producer, but that deal foundered at the last moment and Argus has been on the prowl ever since. For a time Argus undoubtedly considered increasing its then-10.7-per-cent hold on Noranda Mines Limited, the huge natural resources company with a strong oil and gas position of its own. But the Blacks, for whom sheer power is a partial motivation, wisely assessed the unwillingness of Noranda's management to share authority and last fall got out of Noranda altogether, selling their interest to the new owners of Brascan Limited, proprietors of a similar stripe who are turning out to be even less successful in getting along with Noranda than the Blacks ever were.

While Brascan and Noranda continue to knock their heads together in one of the most unpleasant power struggles in recent Canadian corporate history, the Black interests have been able to move on with the $168 million gained from the sale and to search for a friendlier investment. That failed to materialize in the form of a tentative bid last month by Black and several partners to acquire FP Publications Ltd. for $102 million—a move which was strongly opposed by several FP owners and which subsequent events suggest may never really have been intended as a serious offer.

The move into Norcen fits the scenario perfectly. Originally a gas utility called Northern and Central Gas Corporation Limited, similar to Consumers' Gas Co. and Union Gas Co., also of Toronto, Norcen expanded to become a petroleum exploration company in 1975 and today has assets of about $1 billion. Led by genial chairman Edmund Bovey, Norcen welcomed the Blacks when Labrador Mining acquired its initial 10-per-cent block last December. And, though Norcen directors are meeting this week to announce their stance on the new Labrador bid to increase the holding to 40 per cent, it's expected the move will not be opposed. Alt Black apparently wants for the time being is a seat on the Norcen board. Though it won't stop there, the Argus-Norcen courtship is at least starting more happily than the Brascan/Noranda bickering down the street.

Anthony Whittingham

# The Bay's new Beau-mark missile

Ever since the merger of Hudson's Bay Co. and the Robert Simpson Co. Ltd. a year ago—forming the most imposing retail tag team the Canadian department store industry has ever seen—nervous competitors have been quietly trying to figure out precisely how the pair would use their considerable weight advantage in the Friday-night all-star wrestling style of Canadian retailing. Now the answer: a

stiff forearm smash, straight in the home appliances midsection, a bold move that may put some zing in the relatively sleepy world of washers, dryers, stoves, fridges and freezers. In a joint venture, the Bay and Simpsons have just launched a new brand of home appliances to be sold in all their 300 stores across Canada. The brand—called Beau*mark—replaces Baycrest at Bay stores and the Kenmore line at Simpsons, which has been looking for a replacement ever since the split with Sears, Roebuck Inc. after the fierce take-over war, with Kenmore remaining at Sears. Giving itself just four months to plot the strategy, starting last August, the Bay/Simpsons assembled a team of men in appliance marketing, engineering and financial planning and mapped strategy in record time, headed by electrical-engineer-turned-marketer Brian Blacklock. The team "cherry-picked" among manufacturers, selected a leading Toronto advertising agency, MacLaren Advertising Co. Ltd., to prepare an ad launch (it took 60 bottles of champagne and dynamite caps to photograph the launching) and was ready with a complete distribution system by the New Year.




BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

**Checking at Toronto Bay: stiff forearm smash**

In spite of repeated assurances from the Bay, both during and after the Simpsons take-over, that the two stores would remain separate in the marketplace—a fatherly gesture that certainly didn't harm its chances of having the take-over approved by Ottawa—the recognition of their own bigness apparently proved too much of a temptation to resist. The volume of combined Bay/Simpsons traffic, as well as their broad demographic range—the Bay has made a strong push to the youth market and Simpsons, with particular strength in key downtown southern Ontario locations, has strongly loyal middle- to upper-income customers—clearly prompted the decision to go with one appliance brand in both stores.

Among the competing brands edgy about the Beau*mark entry, Kenmore unquestionably has most cause to be concerned, having enjoyed pretty much a free hand in developing the appliance market over the past 25 years. Kenmore has been challenged sporadically by some national brands—most recently by the Hotpoint line, revived in Canada two years ago and bolstered then by a $2.5-million ad push following the controversial merger of the major appliance divisions of Canadian General Electric and GSW Ltd. Despite these periodic nuisances, Kenmore has always managed to stay on top. Blacklock says that's partially because the entire home appliances or "white goods" market has been allowed to hang limp through a lack of tough promoting. He says the market has been flat for at least five years and it's this very flatness that makes it an ideal weakness for the Bay to exploit.

In case there's any doubt about Beau*mark's target, "there's no question that it's Kenmore we're after," is Blacklock's reply. "We can reach every household in Canada. We want to become the General Motors of home appliances."

Kenmore, meantime, has absorbed Beau*mark's initial blow with surprising calm. Officially, Sears sniffs that Beau*mark is "just another brand name," and the store says it has no special counterpunch in mind. At some point soon, Sears may have to come out of its corner or find itself being put through the wringer. **Mark Smyka**

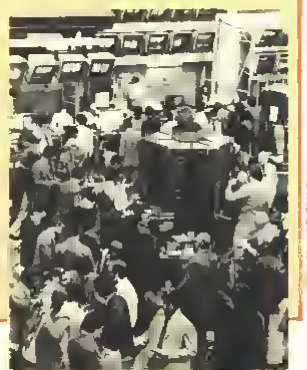
## Stocking up for a showdown

As stock exchanges throughout the world continue to lust up on gas and oil, Canada's leading exchanges, Toronto and its western brother Vancouver, seem to have discovered the secret of rocket fuel. Despite gloomy forecasts for the 1980s predicted by economists despite separatist threats, inflationary rates, political instability and a devalued dollar, last week's zoom on the TSE and VSE surpassed all records to reach an all-time high in both markets. Montreal too surged ahead. "As long as you have a demand for assets in the ground, you'll continue to see rises, particularly in the Vancouver and Toronto exchanges," explains Peter Williams of Toronto's McLeod Young Weir brokerage house.

The TSE's 300 Composite Index—a measurement of 300 company stocks—has risen 1,000 points over the past two years, 150 points since the start of the New Year alone. By week's end, the market nudged to 1,966, a mere hair below the 2,000-point plateau, a psychological watershed which not so long ago many brokers said would never be reached. Just three months ago, the Toronto market plunged nearly 300 points in just over two weeks on the eve of the 50th anniversary of the Great Depression. The new surge is causing equal concern. Some analysts say it's the beginning of the end, while a number of large brokerage firms are warning their clients to sell off stock and place the funds in cash reserves. Many investors just scoff. Watching the continued surge in gold and precious metals, they're betting on the stock market to keep the boom going.

Traditionally, once natural resource stocks join the speculation fever, the market tends to fall, Williams warns. But for the interim, traders and sellers in Toronto and Vancouver are watching the blue stock-buying slips pile up. The depressing part is that the new high levels are not really the result of optimism or high hopes for the economy. It's actually the reverse. People are scared and they're scrambling for something to hold onto. **Gary Dolson**

**Flurry last week at TSE: rocket fuel**



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S





# Snapshots from the sickbed

The day before his scheduled flight home from a two-week Hawaiian vacation a 46-year-old Winnipeg businessman decided to play a healthy game of tennis. It was a match he lost badly. He suffered a heart attack on the court and spent the next 11 days in hospital. Though the hospital on the small island of Kuai was cheaper than mainland hospitals, its bill came to $8,209. Fortunately, with coverage under the Manitoba medical plan and a $10,000 Blue Cross travel insurance policy, he had only to pay for the four days he spent recuperating in a condominium hotel after his release from hospital. Not all Canadian travellers get off so lightly.

In his Winnipeg office Kerry Bittner, the marketing vice-president of Manitoba Blue Cross, holds up 23 closely typed pages to prove the point. The document involves another Hawaiian holiday and another heart attack. "It looks like a bill for a stay at some exotic hotel on a millionaire's island," says Bittner, waving the 700 itemized charges—a list that includes everything from hypodermic needles at $3 to plastic bags of dextrose at $5.30 and the bags themselves at $5.10. They total just over $19,000, yet represent only part of the bill, one that runs to $59,000—all for 15 unhappy days in hospital. The couple that ran up the bill had a $10,000 Blue Cross policy and the Manitoba government (which pays, based on its own fee schedule, 75 per cent of hospital costs outside the province) took care of another $17,000. But that still left the couple with almost enough woe to cause another heart attack: a debt of almost $33,000.

With medical costs soaring everywhere and more and more Canadians travelling outside Canada each year (55 per cent travelled outside the country in 1978), travel health insurance has become a growth industry. "Last spring," says Bittner, "we introduced a $50,000 coverage plan more or less to keep up with the competition from private companies. We've now realized that it's not just a question of meeting the competition—we're actually getting bills well over $10,000."

Last month Manitoba Blue Cross, along with other companies across Canada, suspended its $10,000 package and now even offers a $100,000 plan ($8.50 single and $17 family for a stay of one to eight days). Three years ago it had sold 15,000 policies but by last year that had jumped to 46,000.



TIM HOWARD

Also last month, Ontario Blue Cross introduced a no-limit travel health policy, a plan designed to fill in the often large gap between what a foreign hospital or doctor bills and what provincial governments are willing to pay. In some cases their fees are two or three times what the provinces consider fair remuneration for their own doctors. Says Gordon Morrison of Blue Cross of Atlantic Canada/Atlantic Mutual Life, which covers the four Atlantic provinces: "The difference in fee structures can leave an outstanding bill of $20,000 or more. On top of that you have drug costs."

There's also no question that overbilling in foreign countries occurs, says David Mooney, director of public relations for Ontario Blue Cross (which sold 350,000 policies for more than $2 million last year). "I recall one doctor's bill from Brazil where we finally had to go through diplomatic channels to get it adjusted downward."

Despite horrendous stories of financial ruin, research conducted by Ontario Blue Cross early last year suggests about 50 per cent of Canadians still travel without extra medical coverage, though its plan costs only 50 cents a day for singles or $1 for a family. In addition to Blue Cross, travel insurance plans are also offered by several private firms, including Mutual of Omaha Insurance, Voyageur Travel Insurance (working through Lloyd's), The Co-operators and even the Alberta Motor Association. "With any policy, I'd advise the purchaser to read the fine print and exclusion clauses very carefully," says Peter Schmid of Alberta Blue Cross. "Some policies don't cover you if you're pregnant or have a pre-existing medical condition."

And some policies, such as the Ontario Blue Cross plan, offer no help at all in the event of death. The Manitoba plan, however, provides $1,000 for bringing a body back home as well as $10,000 for accidental death. It can help. Recalls Doug Mackie, president of Mackie Travel Service in Winnipeg: "About a year ago a man passed away on vacation in Guatemala and the authorities demanded about $12,000 for the body. They finally whittled it down to around $4,000, but that can happen." **Peter Carlyle-Gordge**

# A novel way of doing things

By Ian Brown

*"In view of a recent tendency to identify characters in fiction with real people, it seems proper to state that there are no real people in this volume . . ."*—disclaimer in Ernest Hemingway's *To Have and Have Not*



JOHN REEVES



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

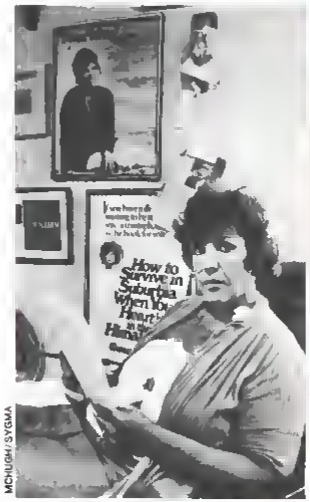
Adams and Hebb (left): intrigue, libel suits, a literary tradition threatened

"Do I look paranoid?" asks Ian Adams, uncurling gently from one of two chairs in his office near Toronto's newly refurbished Rochdale College, and the answer is obviously no. Having relinquished a reputation as one of Canada's most accomplished journalists some six years ago—his books include *The Poverty Wall* and *The Trudeau Papers*—the calm, mustachioed 42-year-old now writes novels about spies and conspiracies. Good ones, too, tales spun from fear and real events that simmer a reader's paranoia. His latest book, *End Game in Paris*, which was published in November, concerns intelligence officers and takes as its point of departure the death of a person in Paris shortly after the October Crisis. "I used to have this idea that people could change their ideas . . . if you gave them information . . . but it really doesn't work that way," Adams observes quietly, pulling his words, as usual, carefully from the air about him. "People have all this information inside themselves. I think fiction allows you to work on that information, on the images that people have in themselves, in a way that is extremely personal . . . If you can get into the kind of writing that raises those kinds of questions, it can have a much more powerful effect."

It is one of the things Ian Adams has thought a lot about recently. Last February, in what appears to be the first libel suit in Canada to be brought against a work of fiction, Australian resident Leslie James Bennett, 59, a former intelligence officer in the RCMP, alleged that the central character in Adams' book, *S, Portrait of a Spy*, was modelled on him and that he was made out to be a traitor. The case has been stalled for months at the pretrial, examination for discovery stage because Adams refuses to name his sources, but the lawyers were ready to argue the point last month when the North American publishing industry received some chilling news: the U.S. Supreme Court had decided not to review a California court decision (thereby letting a precedent stand) requiring best-selling author Gwen Davis and her publisher, massive Doubleday & Company, to pay a Californian psychotherapist, formerly known as Mr. Nude Marathon, $50,000 for having libelled him in Davis' 1971 novel, *Touching*. "I think it's one of the most destructive and wrong-headed decisions that any court has made in the area of First Amendment rights," says Townsend Hoopes, president of the Association of American Publishers.

The origin of the Bennett lawsuit in Canada is an intriguing story on its own, but the question in the minds of Canadian novelists and publishers—and film-makers and poets and actors—is far more basic to their survival as meaningful commentators: how susceptible is fiction to Canada's obscure libel laws, and—more importantly—how susceptible should it be?

Unfortunately, the line between fact and fiction is as vague as a September breeze. Bennett claims S is clearly his double: both had asthma and illegible handwriting, for instance, and both wore grey baggy trousers and tweed jackets in the office. But the most telling incident in the book is the resignation of S after intensive interrogation by security officers in Ottawa who suspect he is a triple agent. Bennett resigned from the RCMP in 1972—several months after he was interrogated in a "safe house" in Ottawa (he later disclosed that the RCMP had questioned his loyalty). He had worked for the RCMP since 1954 and had two years to go until his official age of retirement. In 1973, the *Toronto Star* published a story claiming Bennett was "Canada's Philby"—in other words, a KGB agent. Bennett later denied this in *The Toronto Sun*, whose editor, Peter Worthington, may or may not be one model for Hazelton, a character in *S* who edits a "tits and crime" Toronto tabloid.




MCHUGH/SYGMA

Davis: facts much stranger than fiction

Adams and his lawyer, Paul Copeland, insist that S is strictly a fictional character. But no matter who wins the lawsuit, Leslie James Bennett may already have proven the effectiveness of at least the threat of libel in the hands of anyone seeking to preserve the status quo in Canada. As soon as Bennett's writ was issued, Gage International Publishing Ltd., the publisher of *S*, stopped distribution of the book for a few weeks, even though it had sold 12,000 copies in its first two months on the market; paperback and film rights worth some $22,000 have been cancelled. Adams faces a nightmare of legal expenses—$6,500 so far, a sum that could climb to $60,000 should the case make its way to the Supreme Court.

"It scares publishers into not publishing books," says Marian Hebb, lawyer for The Writers' Union of Canada and once a book editor herself. True enough: though Doubleday in New York eventually gave Adams a $20,000 advance on *End Game in Paris*, Gage wouldn't touch the book. "You have to be very, very careful about the books you publish," admits Ron Besse, Gage's president. "If we got another book like *S*, we would be very careful about it . . . The moment you do get involved in legal action you lose the profit on three or four books of fiction." Even as established a publisher as Jack McClelland of McClelland and Stewart insists that "the protection to a person who is not in the public eye . . . is a legitimate thing. I think the right of the individual to privacy is more important than the



right of the author to say what he wants to say."

The real question, however, is whether the individual's right to privacy isn't dependent at some deeper level upon the opportunity to say what he thinks—at least in fiction, if not in fact. "What is fiction?" asks Hebb. "A novelist has to draw on real life and real people or it's unbelievable. Any fiction writer is drawing on his own experience of life." That has been the case as long as there have been writers saying what they think and authorities trying to suppress them, and from Plato through Pope to best-selling potboiler writers (who, if they are fictionalizing a real character, like a former president's wife and want to protect themselves, usually mention the real character by name in a cameo role as well), fiction has been the ultimate sanctuary from which one could always tell at least some disguised version of the truth. But the tradition of literary freedom has little weight in an increasingly conservative, economically pinched society. Says Paul Copeland: "Clearly the fact that it's a novel isn't sufficient defence." One of the arguments there is that you should do your fictionalizing a little better." But a question that may still be decided in the writer's favor more often than not is whether the person who believes he has been libelled decides to go to the expense and trouble of suing in the first place. Hebb notes that it may depend on "how foolish the person who sues is willing to look. Because he tends to look like an ass."

None of which has made Ian Adams very repentant. He works away at his ideas on the subject as he works away on a new project, a novel drawn from his bout of persecution. "I think a journalist should write about what is going on in society, a novelist should raise questions as to why it is going on," Adams says. "The law seems to be saying that novelists shouldn't have any right to make judgments about what is going on around them. What's next?—You can't make a movie about pollution or you can't write a song about oppressive employers?" To say nothing of its effect on literary quality, separating truth from fiction and fiction from truth may only narrow our understanding of both. Hemingway explained it best when once asked why he chose to work with representations of fact rather than facts themselves. "Why be puzzled by that?" replied the Brief One. "From things that have happened and from things as they exist and from all things that you know and all those you cannot know, you make something through your invention that is not a representation but a whole new thing truer than anything true and alive."

**With files from Terry Poulton**



# The invisible people

By Kaspars Dzeguze

Canadian visitors to the sparkling cities of Latin America cluck sympathetically as they look up at the tin and cardboard shacks which cling to the surrounding hillsides like dirt ringing a white collar. They often don't realize that such *favelas* for the urban poor are also booming in the shadow of the glittering skyscrapers of major cities across Canada—particularly Montreal, Vancouver and Toronto.

But in Canada they're called lofts—and they're largely invisible, thriving in secrecy behind bleak walls of derelict warehouses, factories, garages, even a rickety coffin factory in Toronto. Since lofts are illegal almost everywhere, their occupants form an invisible population of thousands—illegal aliens in their own land. Loft dwellers, mainly artists or artisans in their 20s to mid-30s, can neither register for elections nor have phone listings for fear of being found out and evicted.

"The artists come out of their lofts with the rats at midnight," recalls photographer / musician / film-maker Michael Snow, who spent 1964 to 1971 in a New York loft on his way to building an international reputation. "We even had to sneak the garbage past the cops, and hide it several blocks away so the building inspectors wouldn't find us out." Most residential space has neither the wide-open areas nor the low cost that artists seek in lofts. They are found in large commercial or industrial buildings where zoning laws usually prohibit residential dwellings, making the cat-and-mouse game with inspectors inevitable.

As the loft lifestyle spread from New York, so did the paranoia, which is as common in lofts as newly sanded, varnished hardwood floors, plants and mezzanines—raised working or living levels that take advantage of lofts' ceilings, which may be 20 feet high. "People won't open their doors to you," warns a 26-year-old experimental film-maker in Toronto who also teaches at the Ontario College of Art. "Any stranger here is automatically an inspector." In Hahfax, it's much the same. "You've got to hide and keep your head down all the time," says a 25-year-old designer/illustrator who established one of that city's first lofts on Barrington Street. "Once you're found out they step on you, fast." Vancouver's relative newness means fewer warehouses than in the East and that makes the loft situation tight. But 27-year-old media artist Kim Tomczak, who lives with three others in a loft called Pumps (after its previous manufacturing use), says it's still possible to find space. "Only, we've been kicked out of several places already. The health and fire inspectors can evict you any time."

Yet artists cling to lofts as a do-it-yourself form of housing for the middle-class poor. "The young artist has no other way out," says painter Toni Onley, 51, who became king of Vancouver's lofts in the 1960s when he persuaded the owner of the high-rise Empire Building to rent it to artists as it awaited demolition. "For artists living at the edge of poverty, the loft is a necessity—both living and studio space in one. It's reasonably cheap, as long as you don't mind drafts, roof leaks, occasional rodents, or having the loo a floor or two above yours." Toronto painter Tom Melkioty recently went through about 20 buildings converted to lofts before choosing one in the east end. "There aren't just hundreds of loft dwellers anymore," he asserts. "There have to be a thousand or two in the buildings I saw alone, and I'm always stumbling over new ones. On a single street, three huge factories—each four or five storeys—have been turned into lofts in the past year. I'm amazed how fast it's turned into a business." Rick Ferrell, manager of several large Toronto properties, has rented one building with about 40,000 square feet as studios to about 15 artists. "And we've other buildings that people are begging us to open," he says. "Our rents are low—$2.10 per square foot—but it's enough to carry the buildings as a landholding operation." Ferrell's lease specifies "no overnight occupancy," though he admits policing it is difficult. "I'm not going down there every night to see if anyone's sleeping there," he argues. But if building inspectors *do* uncover illegal overnighters, the landlord faces fines and his tenants probable eviction.

For all their advantages to some, lofts prove much too much for others. The knock on the door frightens many, while the ever-present threat of fire is still more unsettling. Old buildings often are made largely of wood, as are floors and beams. Fire equipment and exits are rare. "We're budgeting for a chain ladder to throw out the window, just in case," asserts one of three artists in a fourth-floor Toronto loft. He says it forcefully, to forget they've been budgeting for more than a year now.

Those who pass the loft test dwell in a





**Melkioty in his Toronto loft (below), and with friends: housing for middle-class poor**



**Heward in his Montreal loft: in a twilight zone between landlords and city hall**

twilight zone between their landlords and city officials, prey to the whims of each. They are left without the most elementary tenants' rights, never mind rent or heating control. Some landlords even turn off the heat during the weekend, knowing full well their buildings are residences. Painter Richard Buchanan sums up landlord attitudes through the Montreseler who told him, "If you want to live here, kid, you've got to be crazy—but it's up to you." Still, he is grateful that lofts are officially tolerated now in Montreal, though not legal in most areas. Pointing to entire streets like Boulevard St. Laurent that have come back to life because of lofts, he adds: "One artist lived across the lane from police headquarters for four years. They knew what she was doing, but nobody bothered her."

That laissez-faire attitude—combined with shifts in industrial patterns that have reduced loft rents to as little as $50 for 3,000 square feet, about 20 times less than in Toronto—encourages Montreal artists to create sophisticated lofts quite different from the lean gypsy quarters elsewhere in Canada. Painter John Heward has turned 4,000 square feet in an 1845 building into a spare but elegant showplace — while his bed, built in a four-storey-high elevator shaft, is a reminder that this isn't merely another apartment.

Literal-minded Toronto is putting into words what Montreal has codified in spirit: loft dwellings were recently legalized in certain small commercial/residential areas and by April, if provincial approval is granted, two other areas will be legalized. And that, the artists realize, means that lofts are no longer their preserve alone. Other kinds of tenants who are already trickling in will swell to a torrent. "All these trendies want to become part of the high-tech movement of the '80s, though they don't even know what it *means*," bristles graphic artist Edward Davis III. "Hell, they'll want saunas and washers in the basement next."

Indeed they will. With the energy crisis withering the tentacles of suburbia, city cores will likely be redeveloped even more quickly. Lofts are destined to become one of the major housing innovations of the decade—and artists the casualties. In areas where lofts were legalized in New York, the artists were driven out by those who saw lofts as a chic new type of condominium. The same has happened in Montreal where loft conversion is big enough business to attract a warehouse redevelopment project by the Bronfmans—and to displace artists with people like Premier René Lévesque, who lives in the Bronfman Cours le Royer warehouse condominium in fashionable Old Montreal.

Occasionally, the artists themselves manage to legalize their lofts—generally by buying them, as co-ops in Toronto and Vancouver have done. Michael Morris and seven others (two teachers, one architect and five artists) share an enormous three-storey building known as the Western Front, which they acquired for $45,000. "When artists move into a neighborhood, they tend to fix it up," Morris explains. "They establish it as a place for people to go. Soon, there are shops and restaurants—exactly what happened in Gastown, and what's happening around us now in 'False Creek.' Eventually, the artist who began the work is back on the street. He can't afford his neighborhood anymore."

Finally, it's money, not building inspectors, that spells the end of lofts as the invisible people know them. For no sooner does the law make them legal again than it's time to be pushed further along, to develop forms that nobody ever dreamed of. So the leading edge of culture is destined to remain invisible and underground. And the *favelas* that seemed for a moment to disappear, rise up again, a little higher up the side of the mountain. ◇


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Books

# The uses and abuses of enchantment

By David Weinberger

Once upon a time, fairy tales, folk tales and fantasies meant something. Children found them dark, powerful and scary, while adults listened enchanted. In the past three years, however, with the publication of *Gnomes*, a new form of fantasy has taken over, one without terror, insight or story, and one that exploits the old tales in the same way *100 Great Melodies of the Masters* exploits genuine music. These coffee-table picture books for adults describe the worlds and habits of supernatural critters. The books have little narrative, no plot, only pictures and commentaries giving interesting "facts". "Pixies often take the form of hedgehogs." With spin-offs sprouting like Hydra heads, a new genre had been born.

In the time it takes to swallow a goldfish, adult fantasy books have moved from genre to industry. There are 850,000 hard-cover copies and 525,000 paperback editions of *Gnomes* in print in Canada and the United States. The commercial tie-ins include gnome T-shirts, soap, jewelry (silver and 10-karat gold), jigsaw puzzles and stationery. This Christmas Simpsons stores in Toronto and Montreal drew crowds with their mechanized "gnome home" windows. The Classic Bookshops chain is featuring *Gnomes* and its successors *Faeries* and *Giants* in window displays. In 1979 alone, three dragon books and one on giants appeared. Follow-up books on angels and the myths of Britain are on their way. With *Faeries* selling in hard cover at $22.95, no wonder the book industry is wearing an elfin grin.

It is hard to pin the genre down even though it is largely the work of one man, Ian Ballantine, who has been called "the dean of paperback publishing." He published the authorized paperback version of J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* (not itself a member of the new genre), brought *Gnomes* out in English after its Dutch publication and is responsible for the creation of *Faeries*. He says that the characteristic mark of adult fantasy is that "it is something people can conjure with, something that people themselves can enter into and add to." The books present worlds that "are consistent within themselves, and they're interesting worlds."





A 'faerie' (above); the familiar woodland gnome: maybe gnomes are proletarians

This characterization, however, is hard to distinguish from science fiction which also describes other worlds. The difference is that the SF worlds are rigorously worked out according to certain basic premises, such as that one is a two-dimensional world (*Flatland*) or arid (*Dune*). The only consistent premise of the gnome's world is that its denizens are cute: woodland gnomes are about six inches tall, rub noses to say hello and resemble tiny Santas. And the gnome-style books are not akin to *The Lord of the Rings*, for the latter told a complex story whereas the former are designed for people who do not want to bother with reading.

Admittedly they are gift books. An executive of Classic Bookshops has offhandedly estimated that only one out of 50 is ever read. Ballantine agrees they are gift books and suggests that because

there is so little narrative—indeed they have no page numbers—they can be opened to any page to see if they would make a good present, the giver need not read it all. In function they are more like greeting cards than books.

In effect, gnomeland's story is Ian Ballantine's, a man noted for his ability to anticipate trends. After writing a thesis at the London School of Economics showing how paperbacks could be made economically feasible, in 1939 he brought Penguin Books to the U.S. When the war ended he formed Bantam Books and in 1952 created Ballantine Books. Science-fiction fans know him as their first important and constant source of paperbacks and most hobbit junkies owe their habits to him. The road to fantasy also leads through the beautifully produced Sierra Club picture books on the environment which Ballantine pioneered and made successful. Admired in the industry for his success and commitment to quality publishing, Ballantine—now the head of Peacock Press, the division of Bantam which is the source of the best selling of these books—is a cheerful, effervescent gentleman. When he talks about the appeal of the new fantasy genre his eyes brighten even more because it touches on a theme he sees running throughout his career. SF, Tolkien, Sierra Club and gnomish books all deal with ecological issues. "I've got a very simpleminded idea," he says. "I think those souls who are wedded to the internal combustion engine, who think that all life's rewards should burn gasoline, are going to be terribly unhappy. Ten years from now we will not be riding around in automobiles. The world was run very well without gas for most of the time the world's been with us." The adult fantasy books depict a world that prospers without gas and technology. The creatures in them live well and in harmony with nature (although *Grants* pictures its subjects lumbering haphazardly, crushing mountains now and then). The message is both optimistic and cautionary because gnomes, faeries and giants are all species endangered by man. Yet this future world fantasized in the books has a familiar ring: it is a 20th-century version of the middle ages, lacking heavy industry, television, gas and guns, but also without disease, feudalism or God.

The fad also benefits from a general increase of interest in illustrated books. *Gnomes* and the other picture books have spawned a new generation of narrative fantasies replete with illustrations, such as *Dragonworld* (which begins, "It was well after midmorning when Johan, son of Jondalrun, stood on the edge of the cliffs and looked out over the Strait of Balomar") and the more forgettable *Urshurak* ("On the morning of Hugh Oxhine's departure from his home high in the Bolgad Mountains of Vendor . . ."). SF classics such as *The Martian Chronicles* have been reissued with pictures. Ballantine claims that illustrations encourage the imagination. He rejects the criticism that more vivid writing would do so even more. (Although Tolkien himself has written, "However good in themselves, illustrations do little good to fairy-stories . . . Literature [i.e. the written word] . . . is at once more universal and more poignantly particular.") Ballantine cites McLuhan when he says that television has caused the return of illustrations. And perhaps TV is also responsible for the fact that the adults at whom these books are aimed have such adolescent fantasies.

What are we to make of the phenomenon? Does it betoken a Freudian urge to work through the conflicts of childhood? Is it motivated by a theological longing to understand the relation of the finite and infinite? Are gnomes proletarians? The books have so many possible hidden meanings because they are so vapid. And they have so many roots—Tolkien, SF, fairy tales, greeting cards, ecology books—because they are so simple that they can be found in almost any previous genre. It is like tracing the history of red: one finds examples of it in everything from cave paintings to Warhols.

Ian Ballantine created the button FRODO LIVES! which caught the spirit of the hobbit's resolute quest. The new buttons—ALL ROADS LEAD TO GNOME, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE GNOME—capture the new genre's very marketable cuteness. At a time when even the Flying Nun has grown up, gnomes show no sign of doing likewise. ✪

**Heroic-style giant: Ilka greeting cards**



# Half-baked sketches of a little town

THE QUEEN COMES TO MINNICOG
by James Bacque
(Gage, $9.95)

*The Queen Comes to Minnicog* is a collection of eight harmless and good-natured stories, all of them dealing with the tiny world of the town and townspeople of Minnicoganashene (population, 4,998). The title piece earned James Bacque the Magazine Association of Canada's Gold Medal for Humor in 1979, and *Forbidden Words*, a story that touches lightly on the thorny subject of book-banning in Ontario, won *Chatelaine*'s First Annual Fiction Competition. On the dust jacket, Minnicog is described by no less an authority than Don Harron as "the most original and humorous Canadian community since *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town*." Be that as it may, it might be wise to give humor awards to Stephan Leacock every year until someone writes something that can be read, chuckled over and read again with undiminished amusement.

The stories are, if nothing else, unassuming. Written in folksy, subdued Charlie Farquharsonese—"It'd freeze the bolts off a woodstove out there tonight"—the tales of Minnicog are fight, quickly readable and almost charming. Certainly Bacque can be precious: characters bear names such as Les More and Théophile DeRigueur. At times he can be silly: "The Ojibway are famous among the Ojibway for . . ." Nonetheless, amidst the chaff, there are grains of a gentle and pleasant sense of humor: "I don't know if you heard there's a road going through here," said DeRigueur. Narf turned and looked down his long garden as if to catch it going by." Here, perhaps, Leacock is not too far out of reach.

All of these stories could be read with some enjoyment on the pages of certain magazines. Tales, such as *Turkey Feathers* and *A Fire in Your Firehall*, might even elicit a quiet chuckle. As a collection, however, they fall far short of passing muster. To make matters worse, the book is cheaply bound and the illustrations are dreadful. *The Queen Comes to Minnicog* seems, at best, a step taken too hastily by author and publisher alike. **David Macfarlane**

## MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

1 **Life Before Man, *Atwood*** (1)
2 **Smiley's People, *Le Carré*** (3)
3 **The Devil's Alternative, *Forsyth*** (2)
4 **Jailbird, *Vonnegut*** (4)
5 **The Establishment, *Feat*** (5)
6 **Needles, *Deverell*** (7)
7 **The Last Enchantment, *Stewart*** (8)
8 **Sallel, *Rohmer*** (9)
9 **The Green Ripper, *MacDonald*** (10)
10 **The Metaree Circle, *Ludlum*** (8)

NONFICTION

1 **The Blue-Eyed Sheiks, *Foster*** (1)
2 **And No Birds Sang, *Mowat*** (2)
3 **White House Years, *Kissinger*** (5)
4 **The Brethren, *Woodward/Armstrong***
5 **James Herriot's Yorkshire, *Herriot*** (7)
6 **Aunt Erma's Cope Book, *Bombeck*** (4)
7 **Clementine Churchill, *Soames*** (3)
8 **Cruel Shoes, *Martin*** (9)
9 **The Art of Emily Carr, *Shadbolt*** (6)
10 **The Fourth Man, *Boyle***

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# Cancer without cosmetics

FIGHTING BACK
Directed by John Kastner
CBC, Jan. 29

Playing with his dog in a London, Ontario, living room along with his mom and dad, his sister, and grandparents up from Nova Scotia, 13-year-old Michael Cluff asked casually, "What happens to a dog when their master dies?" His grandmother later remembers, "Nobody said a thing."

Michael had leukemia and was currently in relapse. With three other young sufferers, he is the subject of *Fighting Back*, a 90-minute *fifth estate* special documentary by the son-and-mother team of John and Rose Kastner. After their 1978 Emmy-award-winning look at breast cancer, *Four Women*, they turned to the No. 1 disease of childhood, leukemia. For several months they became a part of these almost certainly doomed lives (although mammoth strides have been made in its treatment, leukemia has not yet been cured), almost part of their families. So we follow the victims home, to school and into hospital rooms as spinal taps and marrow samples are taken for biopsy. The result scrapes closer to the bone than just about anything television has ventured.

At the hospital, Michael gets chummy with Tony Coutinho, a strapping 16-year-old whose cancer, in remission for almost 10 years, reinvades his blood. The single most shocking moment comes when we see him, after a few bouts of gruelling chemotherapy, his thick black hair fallen on half his skull to a few straggly strands. Tony and Michael, when they meet at hospital, chat wistfully about a joint jaunt to Florida—one of Michael's three wishes before he dies (a drink and a cigaretta are the other two). Another victim, nine-year-old Karen Clark, sobs quietly during a spinal tap. *Fighting Back* does not cosmeticize what it is to live with cancer.

But *Fighting Back* raises the old question: how much did such an intimate, almost voyeuristic filming process affect the characters—even the events themselves—for better or worse? Michael, an exuberant scamp,



Cluff in his classroom (above), Coutinho, the sole survivor, when the master dies



plays straight to the camera with his Steve Martin gags, his baked-ham mugging, his cutting up in class (and, at school, it becomes obvious he's getting the star treatment). That's one thing, and John Kastner claims that being in the show took the minds of the kids (of some of them, at any rate) off their disease. "At school they suddenly became television stars. Before that, they were leukemia victims." Kastner maintains, too, that the hamming for the cameras was but an extension of the front they constantly put up in the face of their plight. "Their whole life was a heroic acting job—it was all an act."

But the suffering of children is nonetheless not easy to watch. Maybe because it seems so cruel and random that we need a scapegoat, and find it in the offstage presence of camera, lights and crew at bedsides of agony and terror—deathbeds. And we realize that, by proxy of the lens, we are watching the leukocytes click up on a Coulter counter to lethal levels.

*Fighting Back*, with its unstinting realism, is certainly preferable to most fictionalized accounts of the disease, most of them of the sentimental, athlete-dying-young genre. But it still leaves you wondering whether a point has been crossed at which the subject might better have been served by the mediation of art. The Kastners have set themselves a mission. "One in four people in Canada comes down with some form of cancer," John Kastner says. "It's virtually an epidemic. If, after watching *Fighting Back*, one person decides never to smoke another cigarette, I'll feel as if I've accomplished something." But there's no such safeguard against leukemia, it creeps unheralded into the blood of the very young.

So *Fighting Back* turns less into an examination of or polemic against cancer than a grim reaper's tale. *Fighting Back* is a misleading title: we see Mike's brave humor and pluck to endure—riding a bike 14 miles one day, pinning his partner to the mat in gym class the next. Yet soon even he is shrieking at the cameraman and quaffing a cocktail of codeine, morphine and cocaine for the pain. And some *don't* fight back. Theresa Pickett is 9 and exhausted, wan, at terminal odds with life. She desperately needs another transfusion but, despite pleas and entreaties, she intransigently shakes her head no. Six days later she dies. For a frail little girl to summon such a will for quietus suggests an order of things that seems unacceptable. *Fighting Back* forces us to confront it, and acquiesce.

But for what? *Fighting Back* makes us part of four young lives, and at the end of 1½ hours only one of them, Tony, still survives. The documentary is never less than fascinating but it's a queasy fascination at best—a memento mori. *Fighting Back* ultimately leaves us with no more focused a feeling than rage at mortality itself.

**Bill MacVicar**

# A season handed on a silver charger

Perhaps the most enduring upshot of the most disastrous season in the history of television—of the new fall series, barely a third lasted until December—is the twist it gives to the Fred Silverman saga. Shortly after the casualty figures came in, the programming wunderkind (now president of NBC) announced the debut of a serious music showcase called *Live From Studio 8-H*. That so cultivated an allusion should appear in the title of a TV show (8-H is the NBC studio where Toscanini used to record and broadcast) is startling. More significantly, the shrewd Silverman may have realized that the lockad-in, weeklong schedule of Hollywood packages is over and that television must offer more casual programming aimed toward specialized audiences.

Certainly that's the situation for the next several months. It will be a long shot for any of the second-string shows crammed into the gaping holes, having to contend with the winter Olympics, February ratings and an already scrambled schedule which makes loyal fans hunt down their quarry with pointers and setters. Both CBC and CTV, which buy up a large portion of the U.S. shows, have been waiting for the spring crop. But if ABC's *B.A.D. Cats* is any harbinger (like *Starsky and Hutch*, a randy blonde and taciturn brunette), they should wait till the twelfth of never. Still, some new U.S. shows have at long last outgrown *Boy's Own Annual* adventure. The brush-fire success of *Dallas* has spread to a California spin-off, *Knots Landing*, proving that fey spoofs such as *Soap* could not dampen the gamy intrigue of serial soapers. Sentiment and belly laughs give way to true grit. *Skag* pilfers Karl Malden's American Express cheques and puts him in a Pittsburgh steel mill.

But for some reheated leftovers (*Last Resort*), these are the options. Meanwhile, the Canadian networks have been robbing Peter to pay Paul to fill their evenings every time you click to the CBC, a new drama comes tumbling out. Mostly, it's a potluck affair—franks and beans one night, rare sirloin the next. Skag's Canadian cousin, Al Waxman, pitches a hard portrait of a laborer out of a job in *The Winnings of Frankie Walls*, part of CBC's "relevant" *For the Record* series. All these shows peer coldly into the kitchen sink, full of quiet details about the chronic malady of not much money, and hard cash squandered on lottery tickets.

More exotic fare is the filling for *CBC Marquee*, with murder, occult and espionage tales. Two of the best come under the title *The Phoenix Team*, spy thrillers which boast minor-key acting and deft writing. Less successful is *Nellie, Daniel, Emma and Ben*, Canada's first sitcom of the '80s, about four senior citizens who set up a commune; it's more *Trouble With Tracy*, albeit at a slower shuffle. For costume skullduggery, *The Great Detective* returns, refurbished but under the misapprehension that a gun's sharp report is more thrilling than a sharp retort; the new Dr. Watson figure hails back to Sgt. Preston, a dithery dolt.

Yes, it's 1980, but you wouldn't know it from monitoring Canadian programming. Do Canadians have their coattails caught in the seats of vaudeville houses? Our comedy scripts set up the straight lines with everything but a drumroll, leave a broad pause, then top them off with a squirt of seltzer down our pants. The rattling chains and howling winds of melodrama pass for story development. Every bit-part actor with an unsympathetic role to play (and there are *no* morally neutral characters) comes on like Gale Sondergaard playing Lady Macbeth. Maybe Canadian talent is so glad to get television work that every role becomes a last-ditch lunge for the roar of the crowd. With the American programming debacle, Canadian networks have had a season handed to them on a silver charger, they can't squander it with the howling histrionics of Princess Salome.

**Bill MacVicar**







Elizabeth Shepherd, Don Francke in CBC's *The Phoenix Team* (above); Waxman, Sam Langevin: the howling of Princess Salome

# Bereavement for the beats



HEART BEAT
Directed by John Byrum

**Heard, Spacek, Nolte. Mother Earth with three kids, two silly layabouts and a TV**

"The only people for me are the mad ones," Jack Kerouac wrote in *On the Road*, "the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk [illegible] who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow Roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars and in the middle you see the blue centerlight pop and everybody goes 'Awww!'" Published in 1957, *On the Road* was a joyride chock-full of love of life that threatened to spill out all over the pages like a messy sexual act. The renegades in it who were so ravenous for life needled at the complacencies of the '50s. Here were people—the beats—who didn't want what they were *supposed* to want out of life. Here were people who "got all involved in everything." They pursued the flash and the flesh and the full-out stretch of fun at its most nourishing. Perhaps someone should have said something like "Take it easy, greasies, you got a long way to slide," but it didn't matter. These people *lived*.

You won't find those people and you won't find any of that high-flying feeling in *Heart Beat*, the film that traces Kerouac's triangular relationship with Neal Cassady (immortalized as Dean Moriarty in *On the Road*) and his wife, Carolyn. "Suggested" by Carolyn's memoirs, *Heart Beat* is told from her point of view, not only through an intrusive narrative, but emotionally as well. (Some of Carolyn's pearls of wisdom include "Something had ended—they used to call it innocence.") Carolyn (Sissy Spacek) was an art student charmed by the vagrant ways of Kerouac (John Heard) and Neal (Nick Nolte). She chose Neal over Jack and then seduced Neal into suburbia. Jack later joined them in a ménage à trois, about which the movie is lazily ambiguous, then sold *On the Road*, became famous, and each went their separate ways. Neal fell into the stoned anonymity of the '60s, Jack became a broken-down reactionary and Carolyn, who listened to the voices of reason and the status quo, survived. *Heart Beat* is a slap in the face to the memory of the freewheeling spirit and originality of both Kerouac and Neal Cassady. This isn't a movie, it's a fatuous bereavement card.

What is particularly offensive is the emasculation of Neal Cassady: there's no "youth tremendously excited with life" in Nolte's brooding, internalized performance. Nolte hasn't been allowed to bust loose, to show off the extravert. As Kerouac wrote, Cassady was a man with a great gift but with no outlet for it; instead, he became a conduit for other people's gifts (Kerouac's, Ken Kesey's, Allen Ginsberg's)—the model and never the painter. He was a man always on the verge of going somewhere or doing something and his rush to live it up rubbed off on others. In John Byrum's screenplay there's none of the holy fool or snaky devil who ignited an entire new sensibility in American letters and, ultimately, American thought. To Byrum he's just part of a mildly interesting lunatic fringe.

Both Spacek's and Heard's performances are as shapeless and reined-in as Nolte's. Spacek does make you understand why the two men are drawn to her, she's composed and centred, and her subtle, little-girl sexuality promises a lot more than meets the eye. Byrum turns *her* into a saint, she's control, reason and patience itself, putting up with these two entertaining but essentially silly layabouts. She's Mother Earth with three kids and a television set.

This wrongheaded human approach aside, Byrum's work as a film-maker has all the grace of urinating in a hurricane. The narrative is mulish and fractured and lurches along as he clumsily cuts from scene to scene. The movie is drained of visual drive or variety. Byrum seems terrified of anything as dramatically naked as close-up. And he keeps congratulating himself for satirizing the '50s, obviously, redundantly. His enervated and prosaic work is anathema to everything concerning Jack Kerouac and Neal Cassady.

Those who know and care about the time portrayed in *Heart Beat* will be amazed by the turn the facts have taken. (Truman Capote's famous quote, "That's not writing, that's typewriting," is attributed to Kerouac's publisher—and then Byrum gets it wrong!) Those who don't know will be confused and won't care. By singlehandedly squelching the spirit of an age *Heart Beat* is a cheap cheat.

**Lawrence O'Toole**




One of the five ponds of the Nature Centre with the cement manufacturing plant in the background

# Depleted quarries provide a source of knowledge of nature.

1 A group of students from a local school receiving instructions in botany from their dedicated teacher

2 Don Muir, Managing Trustee for the Centre, showing an incubating duck egg to two students

3 Professor John Conroy, Dept. of Biology, University of Winnipeg showing Don Muir a water mite hanging on a dragon fly. The parasite is brought into the lakes when the innocent dragon fly rests on the surface of the water

4 Raymond Ratynski who is studying for a Masters Degree in Zoology at the University of Manitoba researching the yellow perch population in the ponds

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A keen interest in the survival and well-being of wildlife species by the plant employees led to the establishment of a waterfowl and wildlife sanctuary in 1957, when three pair of Canada Geese were released on the edge of one of the five ponds (depleted clay quarries).

The general area was rich in deer, small animals and birdlife. Over the years the ponds were stocked with fish, and the population of geese and ducks grew steadily. Wintering pens, flight pens, summer holding pens and brooders were added.

As the area developed, activities increased. Spruce trees, bulrushes, pond-weeds and other vegetation were planted. A nature trail was laid out, student tours began and material was provided for displays in schools.

A remarkable potential of the site for environmental education was achieved in 1974, with the cooperation of the Wildlife Foundation of Manitoba and the dedication of one of our employees, Don Muir, the site became a full-scale nature centre, including a reception and demonstration building.

The Fort Whyte Nature Centre has drawn wide interest among scientists, wildlife groups, local educators and students—over 100 000 have visited the Centre in the past 10 years. Several research projects on nature study have been undertaken and many orientation courses have been given, all contributing to improved knowledge of man's environment.

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70 YEARS OF GROWTH IN THE CEMENT INDUSTRY (1909-1979)

Column

# In which the scribe dissects another scribe dissecting



By Allan Fotheringham

Of all the leftover detritus hanging out the back end of the 1970s, it was to be hoped that one victim not to make it into this decade would be the navel-gazing of the media. As inhabitants of possibly the most self-obsessed rackets on earth, journalists became bugs under the microscope and learned to love it. The observers became, preening, the observed.

We have on hand the latest unsuccessful attempt—limping in from a 1979 genesis to rather barren ground in the middle of a 1980 election—to prove that reporters are slightly more interesting than your average butcher. Sorry—stick to the ground round.

God knows, the press needs and deserves examining. All the other institutions—from the church to law to education to medicine—have been dissected and attacked. The press has somehow remained immune. But it needs something better and tougher than a meandering tome called *Following the Leaders. A Media Watcher's Diary of Campaign '79*.



ROY PETERSON

The watcher in this case is a freelancer called Clive Cocking who has circled about the edges of journalism for years. His major problem in this book is that he can't seem to get a grasp on the basics.

He doesn't know how to spell Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He doesn't know how to spell the name of the CBC's well-known Don McNeill. It's not easy to misspell a Liberal candidate named Monaghan, but he manages. Joe Clark aide Art Lyon does not spell his name "Lyons." John Gray is a columnist with the *Ottawa Journal*, not the Ottawa *Citizen*. Michael Valpy is not the first *Vancouver Sun* columnist in Ottawa—a collection of them reaches beyond Stanley Burke and Tom Gould and Dillon O'Leary. Reporter Jim Munson was not on the Clark world tour, as Cocking advertises. He even gets wrong the famous line by the *Toronto Star*'s Val Sears, the Oscar Levant of Canadian journalism, about overthrowing the Diefenbaker government. On one subject that I know something about, he has six goofs in two pages.

The excellent idea of a reporter reporting on reporters of course is copied from Timothy Crouse's *The Boys on the Bus*, the chronicle of a presidential campaign which is one of the most perceptive books on journalism ever written.

But Cocking is so green that his awe gets in the way of his insights. He apparently had never managed to see Joe Clark "in the flesh" before. He writes of the "unusual sight" of Trudeau wearing reading glasses. It's not unusual, as does it in the House of Commons every day. He leers about a famous editor chatting up "a sweet young thing", it happens to be his wife. He never did get to Quebec or the Maritimes and apparently covered the last week of the campaign by reading the Toronto papers and looking at television.

The most amusing (and disappointing) revelation is how poor Cocking is torn between condemning and jumping in with the regulars. Crouse stood aside and quietly observed, teaching the reader how this strange craft is practised. Cocking can't dissect, because he's learning. He's like a doctor trying to operate while attempting to figure out what the optical instruments actually look like.

He begins by sneering at the exhausted scribes who kick-start their brains with a shot of orange juice and champagne as the campaign jet takes off each morning. Then he grows to like Superjuice himself and learns to love snuggling down into the brandy. The guard becomes an inmate.

Cocking gets his mitt on his main point, that the easiest (and laziest) way to cover an election is simply to follow the leaders, with pack journalism jetted, cosseted, fed, wined and burped across the skies. Reporters safe in an aluminum cocoon aren't in much danger of actually talking to voters. But he can't make the mental leap to the forces that have turned Parliament into a mere waiting room for American-style presidential politics and the role Trudeau has played in shifting all the power into that cocoon seven miles high.

The author is torn by distractions, fussing in one instance because a foppish columnist wears velvet at night and seersucker by day, then jitterishly thumb-sucking about what the pack is saying about him.

He is astonishingly naive, discovering "a phenomenon of the campaign media the loveliest ladies and the handsomest men are all in television." The elegant George Bain is quoted to a good point: the press ridicules Clark because Trudeau has style and Clark hasn't. "The media in general are snobs." True (though judging from this 1980 election, so are the voters).

Cocking finds the boys on the bus surprisingly nervous and apprehensive about his presence, but then ruins it by becoming obsessed with what the reporters are saying about him. He sets himself up as a lofty judge, but lapses into an admiring groupie, exulting at being allowed to stay up all night with the big boys. He suffers from a typewriter version of penis envy.

The press could certainly benefit from a tough examination of its ownership, direction and standards of professionalism but it gets off rather easily in Cocking's formless display of open-mouthed voyeurism. Good idea, wrong jockey.

*Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for the FP News Service.*


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